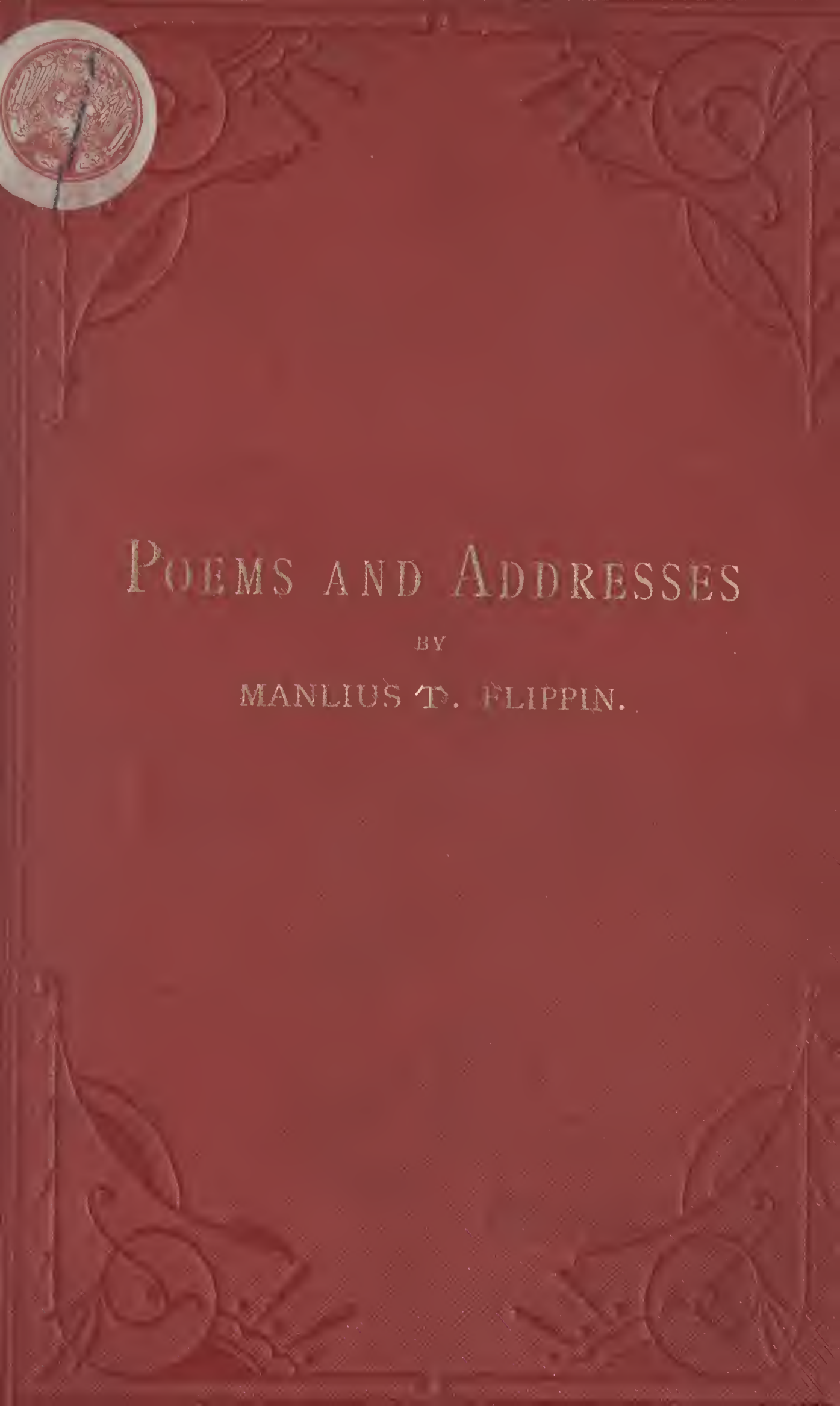




POEMS AND ADDRESSES

BY

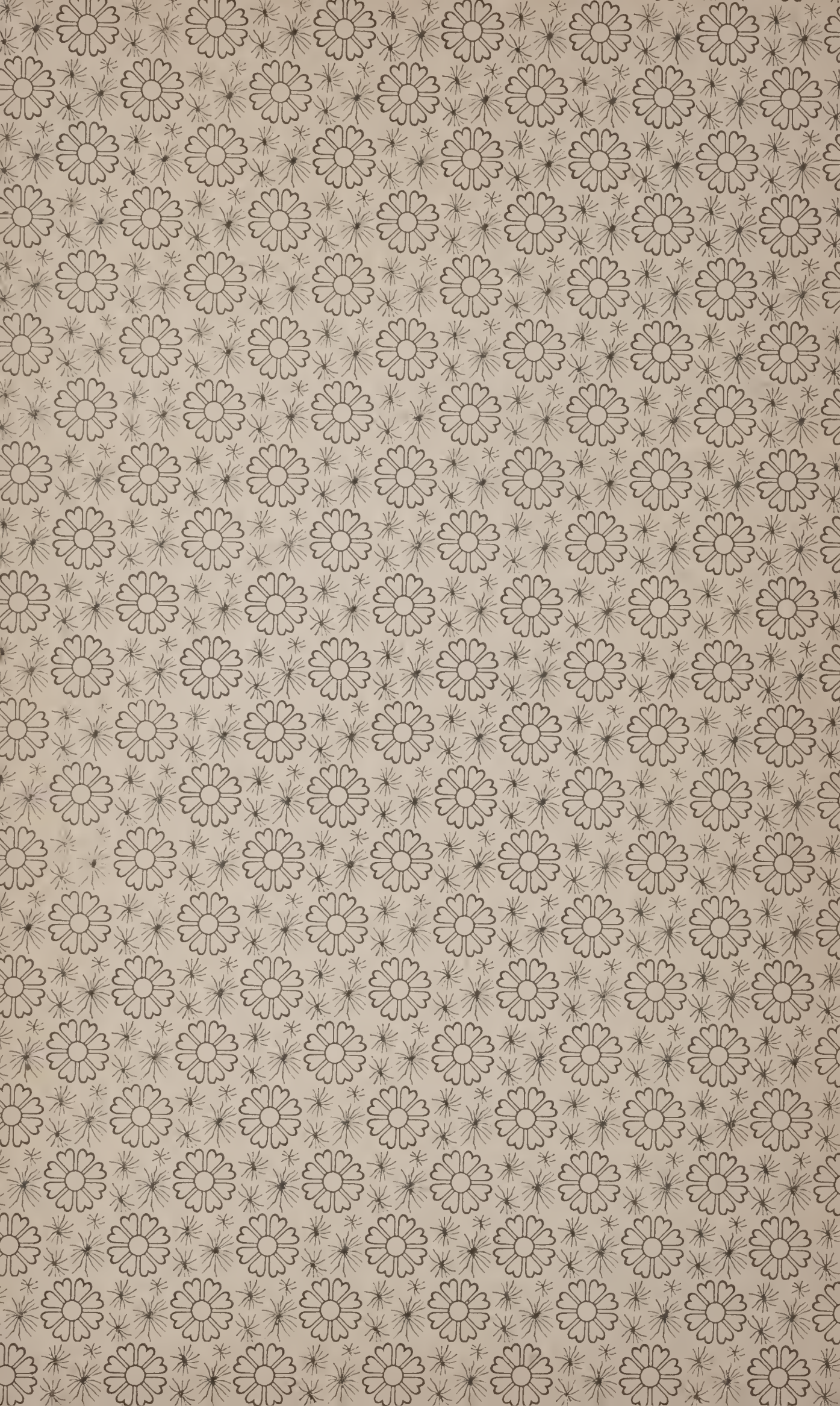
MANLIUS T. FLIPPIN.

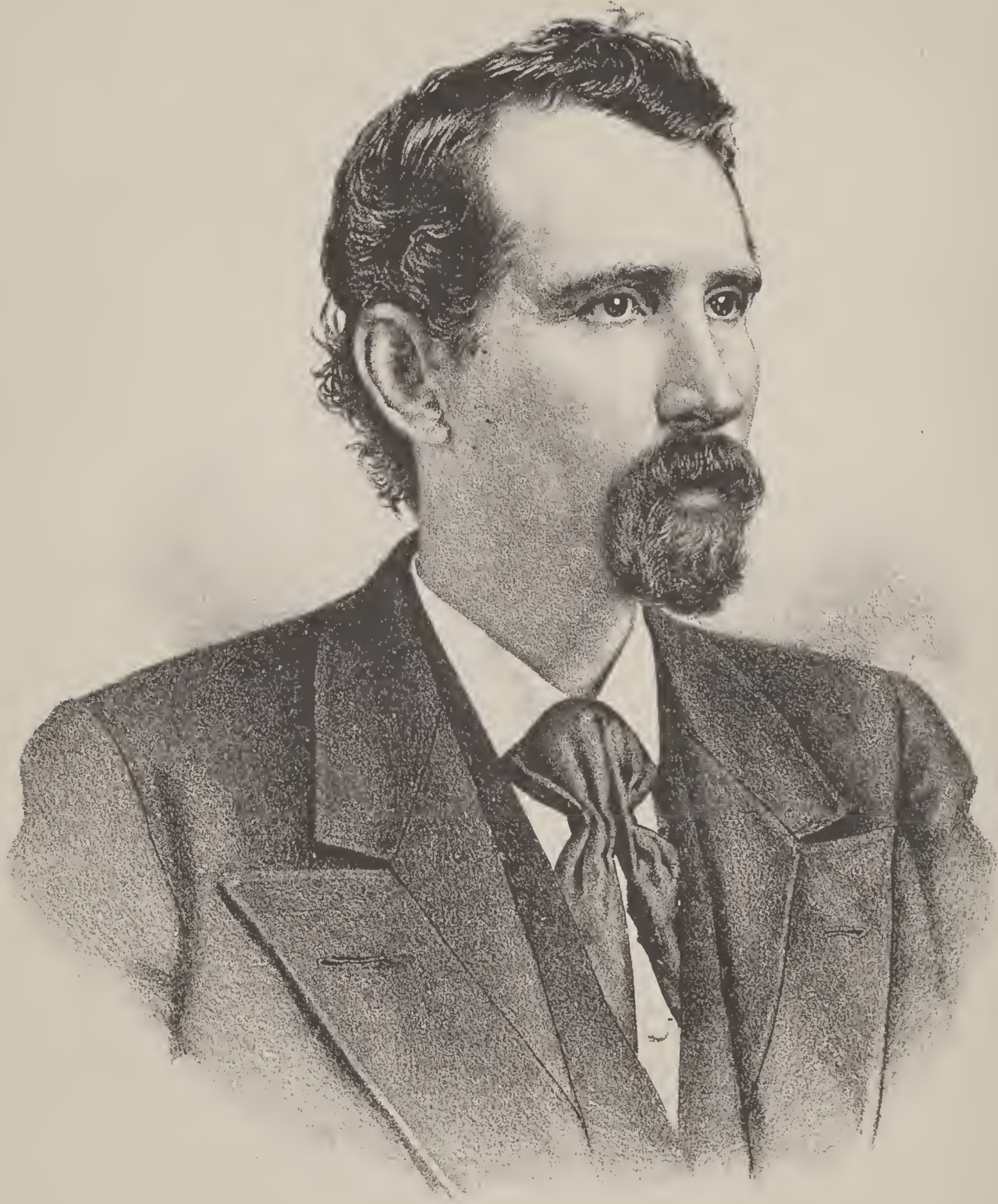
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 5109 Copyright No. _____

Shelf 182

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





W. L. Shippen.

POEMS
AND
ADDRESSES

BY
MANLIUS THOMPSON FLIPPIN.
" "

CHICAGO:
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
1892.

20561 N¹

PS 1679

F75
1892

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891,

By MANLIUS THOMPSON FLIPPIN,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

The printers have made a mistake
in the dedication. After the
first line read the 3rd, then
the 2nd, then the 4th and so on,

DEDICATION.

TO THE TEACHERS OF KENTUCKY,
THAT GREAT COMPANY OF NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN,
CHILDREN, AND THE FUTURE OF OUR BELOVED
IN WHOSE HANDS REST THE DESTINIES OF OUR
COMMONWEALTH, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Teach your proud will to make those nobler choices
Which bring to soul and heart enduring health;
Deafen your ears to these contending voices;
Look in your heart, learn your own being's wealth,
Its resource vast, its undiscovered treasure
Waiting for these same idle hands to mine.
Dare not to sound its depth or take its measure
By any human gauge or finite line.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PREFACE.

THE preface of a book sometimes serves to sound its praises, and still more frequently as an apology for its publication. This one is not intended for either purpose, but merely as an explanation. The author does not suppose this will prove a startling or sensational book. It makes no claim to great originality or profundity of thought. It only appears in this form in response to numerous and cordial solicitations from the author's friends and acquaintances, in whose scholarly attainments and literary tastes he has the fullest confidence. He has, indeed, been gratified to know that as these productions of verse and prose have appeared, from time to time, in the public prints, they have been favorably received and preserved in scrap-books, by persons of liberal culture and acknowledged literary taste and judgment.

The scraps of verse appearing in the book are not the outgrowth of studied and persistent effort; but, without exception, have been composed during the brief intervals of rest from active business, and from the labors of an arduous and exacting profession. It is not, therefore, expected that they will prove a rich mine of thought, fancy and expression to the hypercritical literary recluse; nor have they been elaborated or finished with such purpose. It is hoped, however, that the masses of the people, and especially the young, who are certainly more unsophisticated, and possibly

PREFACE.

more lenient, may find in them at least some grains of truth, some touches of sentiment and some shades of thoughts worth a passing study. Whilst critics may regard them as imperfect, the writer himself is not unmindful of their shortcomings, and can only plead in extenuation, that, for want of time, or for want of talents, he was unable to make them better.

Furthermore, the author has been persuaded by eminent teachers, and others engaged in educational work, that some of the poems and most of the addresses would meet with hearty appreciation on the part of teachers and students in Kentucky schools; and that if published in book form, parts of them might be used to advantage in the schools for readings and recitations. The Addresses relate chiefly to educational topics, and are mainly directed to the aspiring and laudably ambitious young men and women of our country. The author, therefore, takes advantage of the liberal offer of his publishers, in order to collect these fragments of verse and prose, and place them within easy reach of all who may think to find in them something worth studying, remembering and putting into practice.

With the faith that there is not a line in the book unfriendly to religion and virtue, and with the hope that careful study of the work may relieve the tedium of some idle hours, develop some good lessons, encourage and foster the love of country, and awake some incentives to noble effort, the author submits this volume to a just, discriminating and intelligent public.

M. T. F.

TOMPKINSVILLE, KY. JUNE 1, 1891

CONTENTS,

POEMS.

	Page.
THE SOUTHLAND - - - - -	11
A DREAM - - - - -	13
LEAVES FROM AN IDYL - - - - -	16
THE MINIATURE CITY - - - - -	25
AUTUMN - - - - -	31
A REVERIE - - - - -	32
ROME - - - - -	35
THE SAILOR BOY'S LOVE - - - - -	36
DO YOU REMEMBER? - - - - -	38
THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS - - - - -	38
BEST THINGS - - - - -	40
MUSIC - - - - -	41
INFELICITAS - - - - -	42
I THINK OF THEE - - - - -	43
HALLOWED GROUND - - - - -	43
OUR SOLDIER DEAD - - - - -	44
MY HOME - - - - -	45
WHY THEY SING - - - - -	46
FANCY PENCILINGS - - - - -	47
FRANKFORT CEMETERY - - - - -	48
TWILIGHT - - - - -	50
CONSTANCY - - - - -	51
TO THE WEST WIND - - - - -	51
THE REAL - - - - -	52
REMEMBER ME - - - - -	53
DRIFT, DRIFT - - - - -	54
LETTERS - - - - -	54
DON'T KICK - - - - -	55
NEVER DESPAIR - - - - -	58
SONG OF THE OLD SOLDIER - - - - -	59
HAVE COURAGE AND MOVE ONWARD - - - - -	64
BEYOND - - - - -	66
THE MYSTIC RIVER - - - - -	67
TWENTY YEARS AGO - - - - -	68

CONTENTS.

A LITTLE WHILE -	69
THE CLOSING SCENE	70

EARLY POEMS.

THE HERO	71
REMINISCENCES	73
HOME	74
FRIENDSHIP	74
SONG OF THE CAVALIER	75
LINES, INSCRIBED TO MYRTILLIS	76
LINES, WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM	76
THE WARRIOR AND THE SCHOLAR	77
NIGHT	79
I'LL NOT FORGET	80

ADDRESSES.

THE KENTUCKY TEACHER AND HIS MISSION	81
PASSION	101
AMBITION	105
WE MUST EDUCATE	110
POETRY AND ITS INFLUENCE	113
GOOD READING	117
BOOKS AND MODELS	121
GEN. WM. T. HASKELL	135
EULOGY ON DAVID CROCKETT	143
ADDRESS OF WELCOME — Delivered at a Soldiers' Re-union at Indi- an Creek, Ky., Sept. 15, 1837	152
WASHINGTON — Address delivered at Tompkinsville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1890	157
ADDRESS — Delivered at a Soldiers' Re-union at Tompkinsville, Ky., Sept. 18, 1889	163
SPECULATIVE MASONRY	170
ADDRESS OF WELCOME — Delivered at a Soldiers' Re-union at Fount- ain Run, Ky., Sept. 18, 1885	181
INTELLECTUAL CULTURE	194

POEMS.

THE SOUTHLAND.

INSCRIBED TO THE TEACHERS OF KENTUCKY.

O realm of the Southland ! fair clime of the sun !
Whose birds and whose blossoms enrapture the sight;
Whose valleys of emerald and mountains of dun,
Smile sweetly in day-time, and gleam through the night.

The sheen of thy meadows, the blue of thy sky,
Shine on and forever with passionate glow;
And the morn, noon and evening unfold to the eye,
Thy wild wealth of flowers of crimson and snow.

There the best gifts of spring-time forever remain,
And the fruit and the blossom their seasons prolong;
There the sweet-scented breezes float over the plain,
And bear on their bosoms the incense of song.

There the queen-like palmetto, the myrtle and vine,
And the wild waste of blossoms environ the maze;
While the moss-covered cypress and whispering pine,
Throw over the valleys a soft summer haze.

'Tis there the weird moonbeams are wandering through
The ruins of castles distinguished in story,
And there that the shimmer and sparks of the dew,
And the shine of the astral unite in their glory.

It is there, it is there that the murmuring palm
 Bends over and kisses the clear crystal wave;
It is there that the flow'rets in the night's holy calm,
 Dip down in the waters, their beauties to lave.

O beautiful Southland! the shrine of the heart!
 Land of the banana, and lemon and lime!
No sky and no clouds, no sun can impart
 Such a wild wealth of passion as glows in thy clime.

And oh! with what fervor the heart must adore
 The notes of thy soft harp, the song of thy bird;
While the sea-waves that break on thy gray, rocky shore,
 Make music the wildest the ear ever heard!

Thy picture, bright clime, shall glow in my breast,
 Thy sun-rays, in fancy, around me shall beam;
And shrined in my heart still thy glories shall rest
 Forever and aye, like some beautiful dream.

Smile on, blessed land! thou art lovely and lorn,
 With thy deep-tangled wild-woods and shadowy hills;
Still back on the tide of my mem'ry is borne
 The sound of thy cascades, the song of thy rills.

O bright sunny South! though shattered and torn,
 And rent by the strife of the war-darkened years;
Though broken and bleeding, and mangled and shorn,
 Thy beauty and glory still smile through thy tears!

And now that the war-cloud obscures thee no more,
 Remember thine honor, thy glory remains;
And the wealth and the worth that adorned thee of
 yore,
 Shall, Phoenix-like, rise from the wreck of thy plains!

A DREAM.

I had a dream, and it was all a dream —
A fantasy, a myth, a strange bright dream !
I thought my pilgrim feet had pressed the strand
Of a far sea, begemmed with golden sand.
I listened to the murmur of the floods,
And heard their voices echo from the woods;
Soft winds made music in the bending trees;
Rare flowers shed their perfume on the breeze;
Strange birds did wheel and circle in the air,
And all seemed everlasting summer there.
Dark forms, strange faces came and went, and went
And came, by me unheeded. All seemed bent
On missions that I knew not of. I dreamed
Again, a brief, sweet dream ! And then there seemed
To be beside me one not all unknown —
A sylph-like form, and spirit like my own.
There was no need of dull, cold words to tell
Us who each other were, for quick and well
Did recognition come. Ah ! then the scene
Was changed — the sky more bright, the forest green;
The ocean voices sweeter grew; more clear
The silver wave; the mountains grander were.
And I beheld that glorious Thought had placed
Its chisel to her features, and had traced
The lines of fadeless beauty there; not such
Beauty as men call beautiful; but much
More 'during beauty. I saw that Feeling, too,
Had touched her face with its most radiant hue.
Her form the slight and graceful tenement
Did seem, of a great soul — a soul which blent
Its grandeur and its loveliness with all
Her gentle tones and lofty thoughts. A tall
The peak stood near us; and we sought a way
That upward winding went; we reached bower,

Half in that Alpine bosom hid, where flower,
And bird, and balm, kept vigil all the day.
And southward spread a plain, where fruity tree
And tropic blossom shone —beneath, the sea,
The crystal sea, kissed by the setting sun;
And backward far, high, misty mountains shone.

Ah! "Home is where the heart is," said the sage;
And thus it is and must be e'er; an age
Seems oft centered in an hour like this —
This fleeting empire of a perfect bliss!
And we two seemed at home! we gazed upon
Each other long, and then upon the sun,
And sea, and clouds, and vine, and dewy flower.
To us the winds and waves their myst'ries taught;
The sea-shells sung for us, and zephyrs brought
Their music to us. There and thus we thought —
And talked through twilight's youngest, holiest hour.
Again I dreamed. And was it all a dream —
A phantom, or a voiceless, truthless dream?
I thought there might be in that bosom things
The world knew not, and in that heart some strings
Ne'er touched by mortal fingers, far or near —
Some harmonies the world could never hear.
Upon that heart, I thought, might rest a shade
That dimmed its joyous summer noon, and made
A wan hue for all things. But if there were
It vanished then, and left that heart-sky clear.
And then I thought that all was bright again,
As sunbeams are that follow after rain.
The dream-mist vanished then, and then I knew
How real Dreamland is, and felt how true
To life its visions are. How oft as through
The fleeting fantasy called Life, we move
Along our shadowy way, some deathless love
Seems swift to bless our lot! Alas! how strange,
How sad or joyful, ah! how passing strange,

Two being over seas unknown should cross,
Unheeding death, escaping wreck and loss,
And all unconsciously they yet should bend
Each wayward, wand'ring step to this one end —
That out of darkness they should meet, and rise
To read life's meaning in each other's eyes!
Ah! me; how strange that two should blindly bear
Their course along some path, and yet so near
Their whisp'rings might be heard, their hands might
meet,

And know it not, till Fate should guide their feet
Into each other's path — till each should find
A twin in hope and faith, in heart and mind!
O somber thought! O sadness, more than pain,
To know these longing lips may call in vain
To ears that never hear, or hear too late!
Ah! this dispels the dream, and this is Fate.

The world is cold, I said, and has been drear —
But now pale Hope returns. These mountains wear
A more than wonted loveliness; the sea,
The sun and sky seem brighter now to me;
While over these discordant years of pain
There ripples now a touching, silvery strain.
Ah! how can I, in coming time, forget,
Or how can I recall, without regret,
The pale, sweet face I dreamed I saw and knew,
In that dream so fleeting and yet so true?
And now the frost of Fate lies cold and white
Upon the dream of mine that summer night,
And now a great wide chasm lies grim between
The dreamer and the things that might have been;
Nor look, nor voice, nor word, nor pen can tell
How sad to wake from dream so sweet. Farewell!

LEAVES FROM AN IDYL.

CANTO FIRST.

These two, a maiden and a youth were there
 Gazing — the one on all that was beneath,
 Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful.
—BYRON.

“No, no,” she said, “the waves may fling
 Their whiteness on the sea —
 Nor time, nor tide, nor death shall bring
 Forgetfulness to me.”— STANTON.

Two dewy morns in May had come and gone,
 And flushed with shining dew and fragrant flower,
 The third sweet morning waned toward the noon.
 The elm’s deep shade fell coolly on the sward,
 Whose velvet carpet softly lined the bank
 Of that low-murmuring, long-remembered brook.
 The young green leaves of the adjacent grove
 Were rocked and cradled by the bird-song wave
 That trembled on the balmy air. * * *
 ’Twas on such lovely morn two beings met,
 And on their glowing cheeks that summer day
 Abode the rosy hues of youth; and in
 Their deep and dream-lit eyes might have been seen
 The meaning tokens of a slumbering world
 Of budding, pent-up feeling. But no hand
 Had ever swept the still but willing chords
 Of their young hearts.

The one, a youth, was not ungainly shaped —
 Had classic face and curling, raven locks,
 And dark and deep-set, bashful eyes that told
 The depths of the great fountain in his heart,
 The other gloriously-featured was;

Her silken bands of golden hair did seem
Almost to hide her forehead, wide and high
And white; her brows appeared as if they bent
Away, away, and rainbow-like reached realms
Of uncreated light. And in the blue
And mazy depths of her soul-speaking eyes,
Might have been seen and read the mystic forms
And language of all things the mind and heart
Call beautiful. Her voice did not seem like
A mortal voice, but like the liquid notes
Of far-off water-falls, it did so touch
The heart, and sweep through all its chords.
Albeit, their first bright hour, on silken wings,
Wore rapidly away, and they were parted.

But all that day to him that valley seemed
Like some divinely haunted place, where forms
Of angel beauty had been wandering.
To him the eve wore thoughtfully away,
The pensive twilight came, and brought with it
The fancied whisperings of her dear voice;
And in its dusky livery, he seemed
To think he saw outlined her lovely form.
The night to him brought long and wakeful hours;
And afterward sweet sleep his pillow blest
With dreams that he and she should meet again,
And love each other in the years to come.

The years went slowly on ! and she was gone
Gone to her distant mountain home beyond
The placid Ohio, whose waters cleave
Their sparkling pathway through the giant hills;
And they were parted — still they talked; their words
Were not of breath, but voiceless ones, evoked
By that enchanter called a pen — that frail
And fragile thing, yet mightier than the sword.

O Letters, ye are mightier than tongues!
Whom none could e'er persuade, thou hast convinced;

What none could else have done, thou hast achieved
The past, the present and the hidden years
To come, and time and vast eternity
Shall chronicle the conquests thou hast wrought,

But oh! ye rhyming throng that used of old
To bathe your temples in Parnassian dew,
And wake the Attic song, when Learning shone
Fresh in her radiant youth, and tripped along
The Ægean isles; or ye in later time,
Who breathed th' impassioned strain along the banks,—
The classic banks of Avon or the Doon;
Or ye who trod Loch Catrine's storied shore,
Inspired with song,—why have ye left untold,
Unsung, the ecstasies that tremble through
The heaving breast, while nervous fingers break
The seal that clasps a missive from the loved?
O princes of the tuneful art, this theme
Were fit to wake your highest minstrelsy!
The wooing throng of fluttering delights
That wanton in the joyous, pulsing heart
When all alone, from vulgar sight retired,
We break the seal and look on lines a loved
And far-off one hath traced, the inexperienced
Ne'er can know. The breathless words, not clogged
And burdened with the needless trash of sound,
Grow in the heart. We laugh or weep with him
Or her, the dearest idol of our heart.
Perchance we find, far hid away beneath
The dreamy lines, the spirit of a dear
And lingering caress—a fancy-touch
Of hands or lips; for thus the spirit may
O'erleap the intervening hills or seas,
And finds its other self.

The months went on!
And oft in midnight's sentimental hour,
Or, 'neath the golden willow's shade, or on

The wooded mountain-side, while up the vale
 Aurora's dawning glories streamed, and sweet
 The matin music breathed around, she read
 And read, and mused upon his written words.
 And when the dawn threw on the valley's lap
 Its thousand pearly drops to wake the flowers,
 She then resumed her heart-warm thoughts of him.

Two flying years went by! To some their sands
 Ran ashes, and to some ran golden beads.
 These were the birth-years of some glorious hopes;
 They rang the death-knell of some withered joys;
 They heard the laugh of revelry, the wail
 Of broken hearts. For some they wove the links —
 The shining links — of friendship's golden chain;
 For others they did break the links that had
 Been wrought by other years. Success, defeat,
 Hope, fear, love, hate, the mystery of pain
 And pleasure all went by upon their tide;
 But unto these young hearts whose tale we tell,
 They brought the bud and blossom of a love
 That lit or darkened all their after lives.
 (Lit or darkened? we shall see!)

* * *

Two years had gone! The warm sun cast his flood
 Of golden beams upon the vocal groves
 And fruity hills, on a calm August eve,
 On which the earth and air and sky and sun
 Wrought rarest pictures of their loveliness.
 On such an eve, a horseman, northward bound,
 Rode rapidly along the hills and vales,
 And lanes and hedges. When the eve sent up
 The purple western sky her flush of wine,
 Alanson stood within the spacious hall
 Of Clara's transient home. Ah! there are times
 And moments in this varied dream called life,
 In which the raptures of an age seem blent

Into a single hour; and thus it seemed
To these two on that pensive summer eve.

* * *

No common, hackneyed topics furnished themes
For them, while through the night the silk-winged hours
Wore rapidly away; but mind and heart and soul
And books and learning and fair poesy
Their subjects were; and chief of all, their own
Romantic love, the central thought, they coursed
About, and lastly dove-like settled there.

O Dreamland! how fantastic and how bright
How passing beautiful thy mystic realms!
Ye are the mystery of mysteries;
Ye show us beings brighter than have been,
And flow'rs and gardens such as earth hath not.
Utopia is thy name, and Dead-sea fruits
Grow hard beside thy dim cathedral walks.
But though thou'rt false, thou'rt sometimes beautiful;
And thou didst sing for these young hearts a song
Their waking hours were destined ne'er to hear,
And thou didst paint for them a landscape which
They ne'er again should see, and thou didst bend
Across thy weird and jewelled sky, a bow
Of glorious promise, ne'er to be fulfilled.

But when the morn sent up the eastern sky
Her struggling matin beams, the dark clouds lowered;
The slow, sad rain, with wizard harmonies,
Came pattering on the roof; the vaporous mist
Stood thick about, and ghost-like clouds crept by,
And shed their cold and silent tears, as though
They wept o'er bright hopes doomed to early wreck.

* * *

Parting! O bitterest pang that ever rent a heart,
Or crept like desolation through a breast,
Thy name is Parting! But farewells must be,

* * *

O Absence! Thou art continuity
 Of parting with the being who hath power
 To keep our heart of hearts and life of life!
 Thou art the skeleton in all our feasts,
 The Upas breath that nips and blights the flow'rs
 That else might bloom in gardens of the heart.
 Absence! Who doth not know and hath not felt
 Its slow consuming woes?—the widowhood
 Of its bleak, sunless days and gloomy nights?
 If parting with the loved were sudden death,
 Then absence would be dissolution wrought
 By slow degrees, and torture long drawn out.

CANTO SECOND.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all,—TENNYSON.

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.—COLERIDGE

Some honors sought him in his deep retreat,
 And bound a bay-leaf to his marble brow.
 He stood amid the magnates of the land,
 And heard the midnight revels of the great;
 But from the banquet-hall he turned and sought
 A moonlit scene along some craggy steep,
 Beside whose base the murm'ring waters stole,
 And mirrored in their shining crystal flood,
 The thousand stars that gemmed the beryl sky;
 Or else he wandered where the warrior oak
 And whispering pine, upon the wind-swept hill,

Cast anchor in the gray and rifted rocks;
And in the lone, dim loveliness of night,
Communed with his strange thoughts, and seemed to see
The phantom form and pale sweet face of her,
The idol of his heart. Her spirit-tones
Seemed borne to him upon the fitful breeze,
In accents low and gentle as the sweep
Of angel wings; or when his waning lamp
Wrought wizard pictures on the midnight walls,
He'd take his faithful harp, and from its chords
Call forth some wailing notes like these, to soothe
The wild and fitful pulsings of his heart:

I've wandered through the heather wild,
My bosom light and free from care,
But wretched felt because there was
No kindred heart the scene to share.

I've stood upon the lonely hill,
And watched the evening glories shine,
And yet was sad because I had
No gentle hand to hold in mine.

I've traveled far life's shad'wy path,
And sought and hoped in vain for rest,
And found it not, for want of some
Dear head to pillow on my breast.

Oh! tell me not that fame or gold
Can make this pathway bright;
Without the heart that love endears
The world is all one rayless night.

What wild and glorious minstrelsy is thine,—
What respite from the starless gloom of woe,

What antidote for every shape of ill
 Belongs to thee, O harp of golden strings!
 Why should the willing tongue or meaning eye,
 Or pent-up feelings ever speak, when thou
 Canst breathe their very soul so sweetly well?
 Dear, faithful harp! When all things else are false,
 Thou still remainest true. Thou art a friend
 When glorious sunshine gilds our sky of life,
 And when that sky is flecked with clouds and gloom,
 'Tis thine, 'tis thine to sweep our load of grief
 Into the Lethean wave. And now my harp,
 Resume the weeping willow; for the dark
 And sable hues are deepening, and the Night,
 From her meridian throne, encurtains all.
 And now the fitful voices of the breeze
 Sing through the leafless branches of the grove,
 And bear away thy faint receding tones,
 Commingled with their wilder harmonies,

* * *

Another year went by! A horseman stood
 Upon the broad Ohio's rocky bank,
 And while he waited for the boatman's barge
 To cross the stream, he looked away and saw
 A tall white mansion on the rounded crest
 Of a green hill, whose gentle slope ran down
 Quite to the river's brink. And then, ere long,
 Again he stood within the vine-clad porch
 Where morning-glories grew and shed their bloom,
 And multifloras twined. The sun's pale beams
 Shone in, and wrought their network on the floor;
 He heard her elfin footfalls coming near,
 And shuddered and drew back, advanced again,
 Then Clara stood before him, pale and wan,
 And disconcerted, as he thought; but he,
 With effort of strong will, seemed coldly calm,
 And smiled a half reproachful, vacant smile,

And bent in low and formal obeisance.
 At this a blank astonishment did seem
 To work its strange contortions on her face.
 She then went near, as if afraid to trust
 Her own too woful fears, and offered him
 Her hand, as she'd have done if they had met
 Full in the noon of their unclouded love;
 But as a stranger would, he touched her hand,
 A slight quick pressure, and he bowed again,
 And passed into the room.

The eve wore on!

The glorious sunshine fell on lofty hill
 And valley deep, and maize-field by the stream,
 And birds made music in the apple-grove;
 But song and sunshine from their hearts had fled.
 Distrust and doubt, and ill-suppress'd reproach,
 Now chilled the fountain of their love, which late
 Had sparkled in the sun.

* * *

Alas!

How slight a cause may move distrust and doubt
 Between two hearts that deeply, wildly love!
 The simplest word or look, with meaning plain,
 Is colored by a fancy thus inflamed,
 With jealous hue, and wholly misconstrued,
 While the upbraiding tone and sharp retort
 Will wider cut and deeper wear the chasm.

* * *

And thus they parted! 'Twas a scene to chill
 The warmest blood, a madness of farewells!
 Time sped along. Each was too proud, too strong
 To ask the other why that cloud so long
 Hung in their sky. The seasons rolled away —
 They never met again; and still that cloud
 Obscures their sky; but not so like a pall
 As once it seemed; for now the blue of heaven

Gleams dimly through its billowy folds, and round
Its edge are streakings of the silvery light.
Perhaps some wiser grew these youthful hearts
From sequel of this love. For, not the string
New-drawn upon the harp doth yield its best
And sweetest tones; but when 'tis tried and touched
And tuned, its deep and strong vibrations give
Its highest harmonies. 'Tis not the tree
Hid in the breezeless vale, casts deepest down
Its axis in the earth; but 'tis the oak,
Upon the wind-beat hill or mountain brow,
That, anchored in the everlasting rocks,
And shaken by the storms, the loftiest grows.

THE MINIATURE CITY.

While wand'ring back in mem'ry's maze,
In fancy's fondest flight,
A beauteous city greets my view,
And rises on my sight.
Ah! many an eye with feeling bright,
And hand with friendship warm,
Come thronging back from distant days,
And many a fairie form.

'Tis sometimes sweet to muse on hours
That memory endears —
On days that cannot come again —
Lost in the vanished years.
In dreams I sometimes stray adown
The vista of the past,
And pause to touch some faded flow'rs
That were too bright to last.

And in the half-way spirit land,
I see, close by my side,
A vision of the olden time —
A long lost image glide.
I see the turnpike winding near,
The bridge across the stream,
And on the cold white snow I see
The feeble sunshine gleam.

I see the cottage by the road,
And hear the voice of song;
It sweeps across the vacant years
That seemed so drear and long.
And now it seems that o'er again,
I live one vanished day,
And see the shadowy forms I saw
In hours so far away.

And I recall a fair young face,
An eye of tender blue,
A wealth of golden-tinted curls,
A heart so warm and true.
Again I see a queenly form,
And eyes as dark as night;
And mirrored in their dreamy depths,
A world of glorious light.

I stray across the bridge again —
The scene distinct as ever —
And wander down the shady way
Between the cliff and river.
I see aslant the wooded heights,
The fading sun-fires fall;
I see the evening's orange tints
Glow on the steeples tall.

And passing from the river road,
And up the southern hill,
I see the "Bird's Nest Cottage" yet —
How fresh in mem'ry still!
And then I cross the "Wooden Bridge"—
Stray down the thoroughfare,
While twilight sweetly settles down,
And peace reigns everywhere.

I see two ships that left the land —
The breeze their white sails lifting;
I see them ride the snow-capped waves,
Close by each other drifting!
Oh! where are those fair dream-ships now?
And where the freight they bore?
They may be wrecked on ocean rocks,
For they returned no more.

Perhaps their golden prows broke on
Some far-off treach'rous strand!
I cannot tell, I only know
They ne'er came back to land.
And though these ships were freighted with
Some hopes of loveliest hue,
Yet they must sleep in coral graves
Far o'er the dusky blue.

A voice may change, long lines of grief
May mar the sweetest face;
Cold may have grown the once warm heart,
The form may lose its grace;
And yet adown old mem'ry's haunts,
And in her moonlight fair,
We see them as they used to seem,
We meet them as they were.

And who shall say this is a dream —
The shadowy ideal?
This breath of song so bears me back,
That I call it the real.
But hush the song, my gentle muse,
That thrills my heart the most;
Recall not now the sleeping years,
The dream of loved ones lost.

That valley like an Eden smiles,
Among the hills that rise
Hard by the city's outer walls,
And pierce the deep blue skies.
And through its bosom softly steals
A sylvan river's tide;
There dear Kentucky's waters flow,
And murmur as they glide.

How pleasant once, to lean upon
Its mossy bank at night,
And watch the sporting little barks,
Beneath pale Luna's light!
How sweet to see upon its tide,
In fairie skiff and boat,
The maidens and the gondoliers
Upon its bosom float!

Ah! see yon pretty, light canoe
Rest gently in the shade,
And near its prow a manly youth,
And near the youth a maid,
With raven hair and willowly form,
And eyes like the gazelle's —
How many a tale of love and faith
Her gentle manner tells!

But what they think and what they speak,
The muse must keep concealed;
Their tender thoughts and whispered words,
They must not be revealed.
Their accents full of meaning fall
But on each other's ear;
It were not meet such gentle words
The heartless world should hear.

Ah! scarce an age hath fled away,
Since near that river's tide,
The tangled wild-wood deep and dense,
Grew by its rocky side —
Since in the cool and breezy shade,
And in the solitude,
The plumed Indian warrior dark,
The dusky maiden wooed.

'Twas here O'Hara's martial harp
Its brightest lustre shed,
And here he gave to time and fame
"The Bivouac of the Dead."
Here Ford has touched his gentle lyre
To love-song sweet and low,
And sung in knightly strains, "The men
Who fought in Mexico."

Here Johnson's graphic pen hath wrought
In journalistic field;
And still the stylus, strong and true,
His classic fingers wield.
And honor's bay-leaf he shall wear —
His work the good will bless,
For well he's known and fitly styled
The Nestor of the Press.

Here Wilson's artist eye hath caught
The glint of sylvan woods,
The forests grim, the harvest fields,
The peaceful solitudes.
The russet glens, and hills and dells,
Where timid wild-bird lingers,
Are on the yielding canvas thrown,
By Wilson's classic fingers.

For blade of grass and trembling leaf,
And frail and fragrant flower —
For morning's blush, and still warm noon.
And twilight's dewy hour,
Thine artist-minstrel oft hath shown
His poet's fond regard,
And sung "June Days" in notes so like
His name-sake Scottish bard.

Here Stanton's genius caught the light
Of hill and crag and river,
And made it sacred, hallowed ground
Forever and forever.
Stanton! whose name shall take a place
With old-time minstrels great —
Kentucky's gifted, favorite bard,
Her poet laureate.

To thee, thou city of the hills,
My muse her tribute pays,
As backward far I stray in dreams,
Adown the flower-ways!
This fleck of dream, this breath of song,
These broken strains attest
How near one heart thy mem'ry is,
Thou Athens of the West!

AUTUMN.

Spring, with her flower-crown hath fled,
And sweet, warm summer too,
With genial skies and quiet eves,
Has vanished like the dew.
And now the cold autumnal wind,
With hoarse and hollow sound,
Is wailing through the naked trees,
And breathing death around.

The feathered warbles of the grove,
That heralded the dawn,
And sang to morning's rosy blush —
With summer they have gone.
Their leafy home among the bowers,
Alas! is bleak and bare;
No music echoes from the glen,
No melody is there!

The pale and sickly moon gleams forth,
From out the murky sky,
While through the damp, dark atmosphere
The screaming night-birds fly.
The hoarse and weeping autumn wind
Moans through the forest bare,
And every wailing, dirge-like sound
Proclaims the dying year.

Where are the flowers now that decked,
The spring's imperial crown,
And where the treasures summer brought
And lavished all around?

The frost hath killed the flowers of spring,
And nip'd the summer's bloom;
Remorseless Time is gathering fast
His trophies for the tomb.

Ah! giddy, wayward, joyous youth,
See in the changing year,
A perfect picture of thy life,—
Come take a lesson here;
And know that soon the rainbow hopes
Of youth will all be lost,
And pleasure's bloom will soon be seared
By time's relentless frost.

As swiftly as the winter's breath
Steals on the summer flowers,
So swiftly sorrows hurries on
To mar our happiest hours.
That brow and eye so soft and bright,
Where naught but joy appears —
A cloud must soon pass over that,
And this be dim'd with tears!

A REVERIE.

'Twas summer time, and dewy night
Had draped her curtains from the sky,
As near my window I reclined,
With languid limb and drowsy eye;
While fancy painted gorgeous shapes
To charm the dark and weary hours —

While balmy sleep my senses stole,
And I was lost in dreamland's bowers.

I thought I wandered through a dell
Where sweet and brilliant flowers shone,
At evening's soft and hallowed hour,
Sad, pensive, joyless and alone.
A sylvan stream meandered through
The verdant foliage clustering near,
And many a strange, bright, beauteous bird
With mellow music filled the air.

The golden sunshine fell around,
And mingled with the darker shade,
And resting on the beds of flowers,
A strong and lovely contrast made.
No harsh discordant sound was heard,
No shadowy clouds or somber gloom
Hung o'er the enchanted spot, it seemed
So like the first pure Eden's bloom.

I thought I saw beneath a copse
Of deep-green hazel, thickly set,
The finest shape, the fairest form
My wond'ring eyes had ever met.
We needed no dull, formal words
To tell us who each other were;
Instinctive recognition came,
For kindred hearts were meeting there.

Her face was like the morning's blush,
Her eyes as dark as starless night,
And in their dreamy depths there shone
A world of witching, dazzling light.

Dark as the untamed raven's wing
Her flood of shining tresses hung;
Murillo drew no face so fair,
Nor such has Sappho ever sung.

And through that green Arcadian grove,
We slow and heedless roved along;
We plucked the wild-flowers blooming near,
And heard the feathered warbler's song.
We talked on many a noble theme —
Of Nature, Music, Life and Love,
And many a wreath of beauty rare,
Our mutual glowing fancies wove.

The love that's calm and still and cold,
The heart that's false and doubting, too,
Has need of eloquence to plead
And falsely paint its changing hue;
Not so with us, the tale was told
Without a sigh or word of art,
For soul had met with kindred soul,
And heart communed with kindred heart.

I 'woke and vainly, vainly tried
To dream that fairy dream again;
The vision fled, it came not back,
'Twas but a phantom of the brain!
Ah! such is my Ideal Girl,
And though our eyes have never met,
A wizard voice oft whispers me
That I shall see and love her yet.

ROME.

Beside the Tiber's sluggish stream,
Behold the seven giant hills
Gleam dark above the murm'ring rills,
Like mountains in some troubled dream !

I see the sullen spider creep
Through ruins of two thousand years ;
I feel the bitterness of tears,
That kings and consuls used to weep.

I see the timid sunbeams steal
Down through a time-worn, ruined arch,
Where slave and master used to march
To martial trumpet's ringing peal.

Again I look ! and deep-blue skies
Bend o'er the smiling, joyous earth ;
I hear the shout, the song, the mirth
Of plebeians and Triumvir's rise.

I see the shade of many a sage,
I hear the voice of Cicero,
And Virgil's witch-notes soft and low,
As in the distant Golden Age.

I see the hues of black and green,
I see a deeper, darker shade
Than painter ever dared or made,
Steal o'er the weird and haunted scene.

I feel the awful spirit-spell
Of ages past creep o'er my soul,
I hear the volleying thunders roll,
The victor-shout, the fun'ral knell.

A warlike spirit, fierce as death,
Broods o'er these grim, majestic plains;
And yet another spirit reigns,
As gentle as an infant's breath.

I gaze again! the pageant wild,
Of legions, banners, bugles, marches,
Has died amid the broken arches,
Where captives wept and victors smiled.

But now the flashing flags are furled,
And crumbled now the splendid dome;
This is th' Eternal City—Rome,
The ancient Mistress of the World.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S LOVE.

Beneath yon bending willows
A rustic cottage stands,
Above the breaking billows
That kiss the pebbly strands.
There lives a pretty maiden,
With soft and golden hair,
And in joy or in sorrow,
My heart is ever there.

'Twas on a summer even'
When flowers bloomed around,
And on the grassy hillside,
The springing verdure crowned,—
Ah, there and thus at even'
That lovely Ocean Sprite,
First stood before my vision,
First met my raptured sight!

The breeze that swept me onward,
Soon bore my bark away,
But I could not forget her—
The bright-eyed, fairy fay.
And as I played the rover
Far o'er the glassy main,
Her 'witching eyes and ringlets
Would woo me back again.

I often meet my Inez
Near by her sea-girt home,
And ever find her watching
To greet me when I come.
And oft, along the hillside,
Down by the mossy shore,
We've courted in the moonshine,
Beside the ocean's roar.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, love? Do you remember,
How in the last year's haze, the autumn's bloom,
You could not leave me quite, and did not try,
And what you told me in the purple gloom?
And is all gone,—the hours of golden glory—
And are the flowers dead you plucked of yore?
I hope and dream and ask and weep in vain,
For winter nears us now, and you are here no more.
The hours are sad! and yet unhappy-hearted,
I hear a lone bird singing at the pane;
The flowers are dead; I fear that we are parted;
And yet, oh! dear, shall we e'er meet again?
The sky is drear! The leaves are deeply lying.
But yet I see some sunbeams on the hill.
Dear one, I hear your tender voice replying;
Heart of my heart, I know you love me still:

THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.

'Tis true I may not seem to weep,
Or grieve at gath'ring cares;
But jealous guard doth mem'ry keep,
O'er days of other years.

These days may ope their golden store,
And yield the wealth that's theirs;
But oh! they never can restore
The days of other years.

Less golden now the evening shadow,
Or morning's blush appears;
More bright the sheen of field and meadow,
In days of other years.

The moonlight on the glassy mere,
Fond memory endears;
How bright the birds and blossoms were
In days of other years.

Sometimes no joy comes to repress
The flood of falling tears;
And then in memory I bless
The days of other years.

In vain I wander in my dreams,
From these discordant years,
And gaze back at the light that gleams
In days of other years.

Dear mem'ry sometimes comes to me,
And takes my hand in hers,
And down her vista lets me see
The days of other years.

Far back in glorious setting cast,
The brightest hour appears;
And I must seek my joys at last
In days of other years.

BEST THINGS.

The brightest skies are those
That lie beyond the sight —
Beyond the mists that dim the earth,
In realms of fadeless light.

The loftiest heights are those
That few men ever climb;
They are the goals of daring souls,
The victors of all time.

The deepest thoughts are those
We meekly seek and find,
Where everlasting silence broods
Upon the fields of mind.

The brightest dreams are those
That spring to life and light,
When deepest solitude pervades
The darkest, drearest night!

The warmest hearts are those
That seldom ever tell
Their deep, sad mysteries, but strive
To keep and hide them well.

The sweetest loves are those
That never come to light;
But sit, like Patience on her throne,
While Hope lies out of sight.

MUSIC.

There's music in the wailing wind
That hoarsely breathes around,
A wild and sublime symphony
Moans in the dirge-like sound.
There's music in the zephyr's wing,
That fans the dewy flowers;
It seems to tell of Eden's bloom,
And promise brighter hours.

There's music in the rivulet
That murmurs in its bed,
And music in the waving bough,
That nods above our head.
There's music in the ocean's roar,
When storms sweep o'er its breast,
And music in the murmur soft,
When storms are lulled to rest.

There's music in the silent night,
And in the shining day,
And as we tread life's rugged path,
There's music all the way.
There's music in the solemn woods,
And in the azure air;
To him who bears a cheerful heart,
There's music everywhere.

INFELICITAS.

There comes a time in every life
When hope departs and joy is gone,
And the weary spirit seeks in vain
Some genial spot to rest upon.
We darkly muse on treasures lost;
Each former grief is counted o'er,
And hope that once illumed our path,
Is faded out to shine no more.

There sometimes falls on every heart,
A hopeless, chilling, icy blight,
As cold as Alpine rocks, and dark
As starless gloom of wintry night.
Then Mem'ry with her withered hands,
Displays before the vacant mind,
The dear ones gone, the years we've lost,
The joys we've left far, far behind !

The spectre of departed bliss
Will lurk around the warmest heart,
And whispering of our vanished hopes,
It brings a shudder and a start.
Remember then, while pleasure shines,
Amid the shout of laughter,
An hour of gloom is hovering near,
A tear must follow after !

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee in evening hours,
When twilight shades come stealing 'round,
And make the vale and far-off hills,
Appear with pensive beauty crowned.

I think of thee when gloomy night
Throws 'round the earth her sable folds,
And darkness thick o'er earth and main,
Her solemn reign of silence holds.

I think of thee when morning's beams
First break upon the shades of night,
When Phœbus, rising in the East,
Pours forth his flood of silvery light.

I think of thee in summer time,
When dew-drops sparkle on the lea;
Through autumn's frost and winter's snow,
My gentle friend, I think of thee!

HALLOWED GROUND.

'Tis hallowed ground where heroes sleep,
Where rest the fallen braves,
And hallowed are the dews that weep
In silence o'er their graves.

The spot where, 'mid the battle's strife,
The Right a victor found,

Where freedom struggled into life—
That, that is hallowed ground.

The earth is hallowed where they lie,
Whose voice or pen could sweep
The chords of feeling—wake the sigh,
Or make the stoic weep.

The soil by buried greatness pressed,
The verdant, mossy mound,
That marks where wits or sages rest,
Is classic, hallowed ground.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Calm and unmoved in their still resting place,
Beneath yon marble shaft that lifts its head,
In quiet slumber rests the last sad trace
Of heroes martyred—of our country's dead.

O let the mellow moonbeams lightly rest
Upon the grassy mounds that mark their bed,
And may the dewdrops o'er each hero breast
Shine like a diadem above each head.

May zephyrs, as they lightly float along,
And bend the myrtle o'er their silent graves,
Sing but the sad and touching fun'ral song—
A requiem above the fallen braves.

O genius of our country! deign to pause,
And for one pensive moment hover near

Their silent homes; and as thou lov'st the cause
For which they fell, do drop one grateful tear.

No trumpet-blast, no tocsin of alarm,
No victor-shout, no martial host of foes
Can nerve again the fallen warrior's arm,
Or ever wake his long and last repose!

MY HOME.

Oh! tempt me not with fortune's smile,
The glory of a titled name,
The splendors of a palace hall,
The glitt'ring diamond wreath of fame!
The cold and heartless world may seek
A home where gold and jewels shine,
But none of these illusive things
Can ever gem or brighten mine.

Give me a home in some bright clime,
Where frowning winters never come
To mar the beauty summer wears,
Or blight its rich and fragrant bloom,
Where birds of strange bright plumage sport
In leafy bowers that wither not,
And genial, lasting sunshine throws
Enchantment o'er the lovely spot.

And on some gentle, sunny slope
That rises from the pebbly strand,
And overlooks the dark-blue sea,
There let my rustic cottage stand.

Oh ! give me but one jewel rare,
A heart congenial with my own,
But give me this, I'll only ask
The world to leave us here alone.

And when the twilight steals around,
We, fondly seated side by side,
Will watch the day-god's farewell beam
Stream lightly o'er the rolling tide.
And when pale Luna, rising high,
Shall dim the glitt'ring orbs above,
We'll gaze up there and know that she
Will watch and bless our mutual love.

WHY THEY SING.

There is no song in effort grand,
No sweet in labored rhyme,
No rhythm in numbers made to hand—
Wrought in allotted time.

Ah ! no ; the tender words that soothe
The sea of human woe,
Must, like volcanic fires, burst
From burning depths below.

Alas ! the strains that tell of joy,
Or for a lost hope grieve,
May oft consume the heart that sings,
And only ashes leave.

Sometimes the song that charms the world,
The poet's heart is wringing;
And oft the strain that others love,
May break the heart that's singing.

The poets must make measured words
Their storm-tossed hearts reflect;
"They must expel their longings so,
Or be like ship o'erweighted wrecked."

Sometimes the poet's heart, that wealth
Of joy the world is bringing,
Exhales its last sweet breath in song,
And, swan-like, dies in singing.

FANCY PENCILINGS.

I dreamed of a blue summer island afar,
In a calm southern sea, where a storm never blew,
Where the sunshine is soft as the beams of a star,
And the moonlight more golden than earth ever knew.

O rare was the light of those wondrous skies,
And gem-lit the beautiful dome above;
And they dreamed and they smiled like a woman's eyes
When they kindle to learn the first story of love.

And I dreamed, love, I stole you, in spirit away,
And we swept o'er the wide waters, swift as the light,
Like twin birds escaping their prison by day,
And fast flying homeward to rest ere the night.

We knew no dull pause, no lonely delay,
As we fled through the dim night and glorious day,
Till we lit on that beautiful isle far away,
To live there and rest there and love there for aye.

No ships ever touch on that beautiful strand,
Save phantom-ships bringing us heart-gifts of gold;
There none come to chide us, to frown or command,
And love never changes and never grows old.

Dear heart, shall we flee the cold bonds of the Real,
That bind and deceive us in this dreary below,
And together haste home to the realms of th' Ideal—
Say, spirit-love, say — will you go, will you go?

FRANKFORT CEMETERY.

Pause, wand'rer on this lovely spot,
And cast one glance around;
A thousand sylvan voices say
You tread on hallowed ground.
The summer on this mountain top
In richest robes is dressed,
And bleak and frowning winter walks
But lightly on its breast.

Ah! here the humble peasant sleeps
Upon his lowly bed,
No marble marks his resting-place,
Or glances at his head.
No eager throngs press 'round his grave,
Or, wond'ring, linger near,

But oft at eve upon that mound,
A lone one drops a tear.

And there beneath that polished shaft,
That skyward rears its head,
The mortal part of greatness lies,
All motionless and dead.
The tongue that uttered patriot words,
Is hushed and still in death;
The eye that shone is lusterless,
And gone the flying breath.

Here, mold'ring back to mother earth,
The proud and lowly lie;
Their only dirge is sung by winds
That sadly murmur by.
Here lies, perhaps, who might have touched
The harp's responsive chords,
Or in the high debate have spoke'
The lofty burning words.

The hero of ensanguined fields
Rests on his laurels well;
In future years his country's page
His gallant deeds shall tell.
No stern command or trumpet tone,
No shout of charging foes,
Can nerve the fallen warrior's arm,
Or wake his deep repose!

TWILIGHT.

Twilight, are thy dusky curtains
Gath'ring near the distant sea?
Dost thou find a dear one waiting,
Rapt with gentlest thoughts of me?

Does she, when thy gloaming shadows
Steal upon the beams of day,
Ling'ring 'neath the fragrant olive,
Think of him that's far away?

Does she hear the spirit-voices
That I fondly send to her,
Does she know, while lonely watching,
That my heart of hearts is there?

Evening star, so brightly beaming
O'er the forest and the lea,
Dost thou flash and blaze and glimmer
On her home beside the sea?

Twilight, let me through thy shadows,
O'er the dark blue mountains send,
Gentle whispers, heart-warm wishes,
To my distant, dearest friend!

Youngest, loveliest star of twilight,
With thy mildest, holiest ray,
Bless with brightest dreams her pillow—
Dreams of one that's far away!

CONSTANCY.

The heart that's dull and cold may love,
And soon forget the flame;
But some, when lit by passion's beam,
Forever glow the same.

Some faiths are like a vestal fire
In fane forever burning,
A vital, subtile element
That knows no shade of turning.

Some loves are like that fabled heart,
So long the vulture's prey,
Though fed on by consuming years
They cannot waste away.

TO THE WEST WIND.

O west wind, whisper lowly, tell me —
Warbling through the sighing grove —
Are thy harp-notes sweetly singing
In the ears of one I love?
Dost thou know her, didst thou pass her,
In the pale moon's glimmer?
Was she watching, musing, thinking,
'Neath the starlight's shimmer?

O winds, oh, gentlest, softest winds,
Sing through my dear one's bower;

Touch on thy softest, tenderest strings,
And cheer her lonely hour!
Steal through the roof-trees of her home,
Down by the sunset sea,
Catch but a breath, a sigh of hers
And bear it back to me.

Fly in the night's deep, lonely hours,
Fresh from the murm'ring billow,
And in thy sweetest rondeau strains
Sing 'round her sleepless pillow.
Then swiftly fly o'er hills and plains,
And gently sing for me;
Breathe in my lonely, listening ear
The same dear lullaby.

O wind-harp, wind-harp, wild and sweet!
Just whisper now and say,
If a dear one thinks, in this lone hour,
Of one that's far away?
O harp of mellow, golden strings,
Canst thou, wilt thou be
A messenger to waft her thoughts,
Her spirit-tones to me?

THE REAL.

Yes, truth is more than fiction strange!
The weird and dim Ideal
Gives out no shape or shade so bright,
So gorgeous as the Real,

No pencil touch can ever sketch
The halos of the even,
As shining streaks of golden light
Stretch up the western heaven.

The soul was ne'er on canvas thrown.
From painter's magic easel,
Nor Hebe's blush of rose e'er traced
By cunning sculptor's chisel.

The best nor worst of heart or soul
Ne'er on the canvas lingers;
The smile of joy, the throe of grief
Elude the wizard fingers.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me! remember me!
When morning's pure and brilliant light
Springs from the dark embrace of night,
When birds from out the bower sing,
And plume anew their silken wing,
My dearest friend, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!
Amid the bright'ning glow of noon,
When day displays her richest boon,
When every heart with joy is crowned,
And all is light and life around,
Oh! wilt thou then remember me?

Remember me! remember me!
In evening's calm and holy hours,

When zephyrs kiss the blushing flowers ;
While clouds of gold hang o'er the west,
And tired nature sinks to rest,
Oh ! dearest friend, remember me !

DRIFT, DRIFT.

Drift, drift on the cold gray crags,
O clouds of whirling, blinding snow ;
While I darkly dream, and sigh in vain
For the days in the mystic long ago.

Sweep, sweep o'er the barren wastes,
O storms from Winter's icy river !
But your breath is warm, and your sky is bright,
To the heart when hope goes out forever.

Wail and shriek, O bitter winds !
And rend the dismal, inky sky,
But your sable black can ne'er give back
The light of a golden day gone by.

LETTERS.

The coldest heart, locked up in breast of snow.
Secure from words and voice, secure from harm —
While through it only icy currents flow —
O letters, you can touch and make it warm !

Magicians, thou dost wield a wand which starts
Strong tempests in the heart's soft sleeping sea ;
Thou hast a talisman so sweet that hearts
Of stone must yield their treasures up to thee.

The ice and snow on Hecla's lofty crest
Defy the storms of night, the beams of day ;
But by thy wizard, unseen fingers pressed,
The ice dissolves, the snow-banks melt away.

Thy mute and voiceless words, when all alone,
Still sigh and whisper, to the heart appealing ;
Awake, asleep, they woo us on and on,
And pluck and twine the wild flower wreath of feeling.

DON'T KICK.

Young man, as you start on life's journey,
Take this advise, for you'll need it,
Go slow, don't think you know all things,
Where good counsel's given you, heed it.
Now, bub, as you take up the journey,
This advice I give you will stick ;
Learn to take all things easy, my good boy,
Whatever you do, don't kick.'

If you fail to have system in business,
And fret and quibble and wrangle,
You need not expect only losses and crosses,
And things in a general tangle.
If you should be tempted to jockey —
To cheat, or to learn a new trick —

Don't growl if the other man beats you,
Whatever may happen, don't kick.

If people are green, never mind it,
If, in fact, it don't concern you;
Never try to do wonders, don't bite off
Any more than you can well chew.
If you meddle with other folk's business,
And get knocked on the head with a brick,
Don't wonder, my boy, you deserved it,
Go home, soak yo' head, but don't kick.

Should you seek to grow wealthy by traffic,
Bear in mind it's a two-handed game;
If you bank on your judgment and foresight,
Don't forget other men have the same.
If you sell your goods, wares and chattels
To good friends and neighbors on tick,
Then don't be surprised if they fool you—
Whatever they do, don't kick.

If you see a free fight out yonder,
And rocks and things flying in air,
You'd better pass on, and let matters run,
You'd better not go in there.
But if you rush up, and into the muddle,
And you're hit a staggering lick,
Then be not surprised, it always so happens,
Just take it, be quiet, don't kick.

Should the world fail to find out your merit,
Don't worry, but just let it go;
No doubt it will get your true measure;
'Twill size you up, whether or no.

If enemies wrong and assail you,
And slanders should fly fast and thick,
Live them down ! if you will, they won't hurt you ;
Be patient and firm, but don't kick.

Don't assume to know more than you do know,
Never leave off the sense for the sound,
Don't let it be said you are puffed up,
Don't try to cover too much ground.
As you jog on your way take this counsel,
It's well-meant and true, and will stick :
Just take the old world as you find it,
Be patient, keep cool and don't kick.

If the friend of your heart should deceive you,
And the basest ingratitude show,
No matter how long you had served him,
Never mind it, don't care, let it go.
Should you meet with deceit and false-dealing,
Till your heart grows tired and sick,
Bear up like a man, rise above it,
It has happened before — don't kick.

If your true love should jilt you and tilt you,
And turn up her nose if you grieve ;
Should the other chap beat you and cheat you,
And take her and skip out and leave,
Then cheer up, don't cry, never mind it,
But go out in the wide world and pick
One that's truer and wiser and better,
But don't be a booby — don't kick.

NEVER DESPAIR.

A lone one stood on a storm-swept hill,
And watched the winter sun dip low;
And the glint of his fading beams went out
From glit'ring ice and frozen snow.

The birds had fled and the leaves were dead,
And the last dim ray of light
Went out in the frozen, darkling west,
And all was starless, dismal night.

Despair as grim as fate swept by,
And brushed that wand'rer's pallid cheek,
And the foul fiend screeched, "my reign is come,
My night is here — so bleak, so bleak."

But prophet-like that pilgrim stood,
And peered in the horrid dark so long,
Till a still, small voice cried from the gloom —
"Be true, dear heart, be strong, be strong."

And the lone one turned to the golden East,
And the dead lights seemed awaking;
And silver edges were on the clouds,
And the glorious morn was breaking.

O weary heart that sadly missed
The goal thou vainly sought'st to gain —
That dreamed of peace and rest and love,
And waked to only bitter pain!

Take courage and look up, O heart!
For sunshine follows leaden rain;
The day shall break on the blackest night,
And the sweet flowers bloom again.

SONG OF THE OLD SOLDIER.

One eve a gray old soldier sat
Beneath an apple tree,
Beside him lay his crutch and cane;—
His grand-child on his knee.
Though bright his eye, his form was bent
With age, disease and pain;
He'd marched to many a hard-fought field,
But could not march again.

And when the evening meal was o'er,
The family gathered there,
To hear good grandpa tell the tales
Of many a glorious war.
He shoul'dered arms, he shifted arms,
He dressed to left and right,
And with his crutch for army gun,
He fought the mimic fight.

He told how sabres flashed and fell,
When hostile armies battled,
And how the cannons belched and boomed,
And how the muskets rattled.
And while to many a question asked,
The old man quick replied,
His voice grew strong, his bright eye blazed
With all a soldier's pride.

“My grandpa,” said the old man, “fought
On Yorktown's crimson plain;
And father was with General Scott
At famous Lundy's Lane.

And when a little boy, they told
 Me tales of many a fight,
I thought I'd be a soldier then,
 And battle for the right.

“It's nearly forty years,” said he,
 “Since wild war's dread alarms,
And danger to the country called
 The brave and true to arms..
Some thought it right to wear the Blue,
 While some preferred the Gray;
And leaving homes and dear ones all,
 We proudly marched away.

“At Vicksburg and at Donaldson,
 We felt each other's steel,
And found the joy, in many a fight,
 That valiant foemen feel.
I saw my own dear mess-mate fall—
 How oft I think of him!
I know where Short and Pipkin fell,
 And Carter lost a limb.

“I've seen my comrades stricken down
 On many a stubborn field,
I've seen the battle wax and wane,
 When neither host would yield.
This gash was cut upon the bank
 Of Peachtree's crimson fountain,
This arm was broke', this scar was made
 On Lookout's bloody mountain.

“And on Stone River's plain, I saw
 Our color-bearer fall,

While dismal clouds of battle hung
Above us like a pall.
I saw brave Roark, yet a boy,
The prostrate banner raise,
And bear it grandly through the fight—
I heard the shouts of praise.

“On Chickamauga’s awful field,
When earth and sky were red,
The ‘Orphan Brigade’ fronted us—
Brave Lewis at their head.
There Greek met Greek—the tug of war—
We all found what it meant!
They would not fly, they would not yield,
They gave us what we sent.

“Ah! when Kentuckians confront
Kentuckians in fight,
And foot to foot and hand to hand,
They battle for the right,
As they believe the right to be,
The earth must almost reel
Beneath the combat’s awful shock,
The fearful clash of steel.

“Sometimes the generals would call
A truce, and stop the fight;
And then the boys in Blue and Gray,
In day-time or the night,
Would bathe together in the streams,
And eat hard-tack and cracker;
And exchange knives and pocket-books,
And coffee and tobacco.

“And when the truce was at an end,
They’d quit their games of play;

Each soldier true was back in line,
And ready for the fray;
And, fighting each in his own cause,
And for the home he loved,
The serried hosts, with flying flags,
Down to the red front moved.

“But long ago the cloud of war
Was flecked with silver lining;
And now from heaven’s glorious blue
The sun of peace is shining.
And on the tragic fields where once
The crimson stream was flowing,
The yellow harvests wave and toss—
The white rose now is growing.

“We of the North and of the South,
From fact’ries, fields and farms,
Have fought like brave men long and well,
And now we’ve grounded arms.
The same flag now waves over all;
In brotherhood we live,
We join in prayer and praise to God,
We’ve learned how to forgive.

“And now we know, should foreign foe
Dare to assail our home,
That from the South as from the North,
The brave, true men would come,
And with our children and with us,
Beneath the grand old flag,
They’d fight with Schofield and with Miles;
As once they fought with Bragg.

“The Northern and the Southern blood
Now mingle in the veins

Of children and grand-children, while
Sweet peace forever reigns.
Strew flowers, then, alike upon
The graves of Blue and Gray,
And let these glorious years of peace
Drive bitterness away.

“Whate’er the cause in which you fought,
If you were brave and true,
If you could pray to Heaven for help,
That cause was just to you.
And on the evening of your lives
A halo shall descend,
And generations yet to come,
Your valor will commend.”

And now, brave men, your dangers done,
The world will give you praise,
And glory shed a golden light
Upon your latest days.
And long as in your country’s heart,
One gen’rous spark remains,
Columbia’s harp shall breathe for you
Its wildest, loftiest strains.

And when you’ve crossed the mystic river,
And touched the other shore —
Your labors done, your rest at hand,
Your last grim battle o’er —
Then honor with a garland wreath,
Shall like a pilgrim come,
And bending o’er your resting-place,
Strew flowers on your tomb.

Ah! then you’ll dream of wars no more,
Nor hear the call — “To arms!”

Nor see the smoke, nor sabre-stroke,
Nor battle's wild alarms;
But you shall rest amid the blest,
Your days of pain shall cease,
And in the Better Land you'll find
One long eternity of peace!

HAVE COURAGE AND MOVE ONWARD.

Work, O man, in deepest earnest,
While the day shines, and the light
Falls on thy path; for soon the shadows
Shall descend, soon comes the night!

The great world throbs with vital pulses,
As wave on wave sweeps by us;
But while we dread the distant evil,
Let's grasp the good that's nigh us.

And though we fail in hope and effort,
Let us new courage borrow;
And if to-day we're overpowered,
Let's fight again to-morrow.

And though a mountain frowns before us,
There's ever new tasks to begin;
If we're but earnest, true and faithful,
There's always some good we may win.

Though far out in the gloom and darkness
Is growing the rich food we crave;
Have courage and be strong, my brother,
You'll pluck it this side of the grave,

Though precious is the treasure golden,
Yet still will it elude pursuit,
Unless by climbing we shall pluck it,—
By toiling reach the luscious fruit.

The great, wide, pulsing world we live in,
Demands our noblest, grandest thought;
And ages yet to come shall blazon
The deeds our hearts and hands have wrought.

Shrink not if thorns beset thy pathway;
Fear not in darkness or in day;
Far out thy track is smoother, wider,
And sweet flowers bloom beside the way.

Do right, have faith, and still be busy;
Leave "footprints on the sands of time;"
And whether vanquished or the victor,
Yet men shall call thy work sublime.

Thus spend thy life, and in the evening,
Thou shalt not die, but only rest,
And sweetly sleep and dream, awaiting
Thy rich reward among the blest.

Climb like a hero, rise by toiling,
And blaze a path that's sunward;
Pass the brave watchword to thy brother—
Have courage and move onward.

BEYOND.

Beyond the mountains dim and hoary,
Beyond this mortal sight,
Beyond the sunset's gleam and glory,
Lie realms of fadeless light.

Across the dim and mystic river,
And on the distant shore,
Immortal flowers bloom forever —
They fade and die no more.

Far o'er the troubled waters stealing,
The light falls on the strand —
The constant eye of faith revealing
The wonders of that land.

And there beside the crystal river,
Surrounded by the blest,
And after life's short, fitful fever,
The weary ones shall rest.

THE MYSTIC RIVER.

I saw a rippling, singing river,
Where the pale moon loosed her quiver,
And let fall her beams forever,
On its placid, silvery bosom:
And it stole through field and meadow,
Through the sunshine and the shadow,
And its song grew sweeter, gladder,
As it swept by fern and blossom.

When the golden tints of morning,
Heedless of the black night's warning,
Stole into the vale, adorning
 All the leaves and flow'rs and grasses;
Ere the golden noon was glowing,
While the softest winds were blowing,
It tired of its gentle flowing
 And hurried toward the mountain passes.

I saw its waters breaking, foaming,
Scattered, through the rude rocks roaming
All the day and in the gloaming,
 Like wand'ring drops of leaden rain:
Softly for a while it glided,
But o'er the rocks its waves divided,
And at last its flow subsided,
 Ere it had reached the lower plain.

I watched that stream in changeful weather,
I saw it wind through broom and heather,
I saw its volume swell and gather
 Into a lake by grassy lea;
And I heard a music sweeter
Than the songs of softest metre
Drift, like drowsy lotus-eater
 O'er some sleepy southern sea.

I heard a poet's harpings tender,
A tale of love and sadness render,
On lyre of purest golden splendor,
 In the twilight pale and sweet.
Then from distant shores there started
Two beings that had long been parted,
Tearful, sad and broken-hearted,
 Upon the glassy mere to meet.

But the more than earthly greeting
Of their joyous, heart-warm meeting
Was so brief! and oh how fleeting
 The flush of hope, the pang of pain!
Then the panorama shifted,
Then the wind its rude wings lifted,
And far apart their frail barks drifted,
 Ne'er on earth to meet again.

But through the reefs and breakers veering,
Lost from sight and out of hearing,
Pale with pain and sick with fearing,
 To the cold, gray rocks they drifted;
And ne'er again in fact or seeming,
In starlight or in noon-day's beaming,
Awake or in their spells of dreaming,
 The wraith of care her shadow lifted.

But out from gloomy mountain passes,
Down the hill-side, through the grasses,
Spurning rocks and dark morasses,
 Laughs again the sparkling river.
And with graceful motion purling,
Through the plains and woodlands curling,
Sweeping swifter, dazzling, whirling,
 Roll its waters on forever!

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas twenty years ago I roamed
 These hills and dells, a barefoot boy;
The life-way spread before me then
 Its luring hopes, its promised joy.

Her tangled net-work fancy wrought
Upon the far-off, purple skies,
And touched the devious, winding way
With her most fitful, gorgeous dies.

And as I wander on these hills,
And pause amid these forests green,
The mem'ry of those vanished days
Will sadly darken all the scene.

Ah! many a joy and many a grief
Have crossed this weary heart since then,
And many a hope hath bloomed and died,
And may not, cannot bloom again.

Alas! 'tis ever thus with life,
When wand'ring through the vernal bowers,
There comes a frost, a darksome night,
To sear and blight the sweetest flowers.

And scarce one bright ideal blaze
Along our changeful path is lighted,
Till — cold and bleak — the real comes,
And all its seeming glory's blighted.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while for laughter,
A little while for tears;
And then so swiftly after,
Come grief's distempered years.

The plots, the plans, the schemings,
The prospects of to-day;

The hopes, the loves, the dreamings,
To morrow fade away.

To-day we build, to-morrow
The castle topples down;
To-day 'tis bright, but sorrow
Awaits the coming dawn.

A little while for working,
A little while for play,—
With gloom forever lurking
So close beside the way.

A little while for trying,
And finding it is vain,—
A little while for crying,
Then silent all again.

A restless, sad, uncertain
Season of joy and strife;
Then death shall drop the curtain,
And this is all of life.

A little while for serving
The Lord and Master's will,—
From duty's path unswerving,
Our mission here to fill.

A little while for lifting
The veil of moonless night,
'Mid storms and tempests drifting,
Then comes the perfect light.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

As fades the brilliant light of day
Along the western sky,

As wanes the golden tints away
Before the pensive eye —
So softly steals the hour of death,
When Christians breathe the expiring breath.

And soft the shadows cluster nigh,
Like gath'ring hues of even,
As upwards mounts the soul on high
To its reward in heaven,
No clouds to dim its homeward flight,
No gloom to hide the perfect light.

Ah! Heaven's immortal sunshine glows
Upon the spirit's wings;
No pause or low delay it knows,
As home the wand'rer springs.
Thus comes the Christian's dying hour,
Like twilight comes to shut the flower.

EARLY POEMS.

[The following poems comprise some of the author's earliest efforts in versification. While they may be of little interest to the aged and mature in intellect, yet it has been decided to give them a place here, as illustrative of the exuberance of boyish imagination, sentiment and feeling.]

THE HERO.

He who is born to wealth and fame,
Whom chance may give a titled name,
Whose path through life is ever smooth,
Whose cares and troubles riches soothe,
Whose bark has never dared a storm,
Whose name is ever safe from harm,

Whose soul is but an infant's span,
Is not the hero. But the man
Whose birth is low, whose daring high,
Who slander meets with steadfast eye,
Whose way is scanned by jealous eyes,
Whose path is through where envy lies,
Who meets life's every rugged shock,
Firm as the fabled Inchcape Rock,—
He is the hero. For the right
He battles with the giant's might;
And come the sunshine or the storm,
He begs no favor, fears no harm.
The firm resolve, the purpose high,
Is written in his fearless eye;
In his clear bosom virtue's light
Is burning constant, pure and bright.
No selfish end or coward fear
Intrudes or lives a moment there.

Then haste the day, the happy hour,
When worth shall find its meed of power,
When merit shall be unconfined,
And men be measured by the mind.
'Tis then that just and honest fame
Will cease to be an empty name.
Ah! then will prostrate justice rise,
And tow'ring reach the azure skies.
Then off will fettered freemen cast
The clanking chains that held them fast.
Then will the reign of tyrants cease,
For one perpetual reign of peace;
And gladness bless the joyous earth,
At universal freedom's birth.

REMINISCENCES.

As sitting in the twilight mist,
I hear the wild winds rage,
My wandering fancy turns me back
O'er memory's sacred page.
The howling wind that loudly moans
O'er hill and dale and lawn,
Seems but the solemn funeral dirge
Of joys forever gone.

Though lost to me and far away
The hills I used to roam,
Though rudely tossed on life's dark sea,
'Tis sweet to think of home!
How sweet, though far from all we love,
To muse on by-gone hours —
To wander back, though every step
Falls on the faded flowers.

Oh! who hath never felt the sting
Of time's relentless frost?
What cold and dull and rayless heart
Hath ne'er a treasure lost?
If such there be, I envy not
His boasted wealth or ease;
No harp-note stirs his callous breast,
No beauty e'er can please.

Ah! tell me not of mem'ry pains,
It hath but joys for me;
Familiar faces beam as bright
As once they seemed to be,
While elfin voices bring me back
The tones I used to hear,
And whisp'rings of the long ago;
Fall on the dreaming ear.

HOME.

We may wander amid strangers on land,
Across the blue ocean may roam:
But the heart will beat quicker as mem'ry recalls
The green hills that rise 'round our home.

Though far from the spot our infancy knew,
Surrounded by sorrow or mirth,
The heart will secretly yearn for our home,
The only loved spot on the earth.

O home of our childhood! green be the hills
That rise 'round the Eden-like spot!
Back to thy meadows and forests and fields,
Again we are carried by thought.

Sweet home! thou wilt linger in memory still,
When pleasure, the siren, has fled,
And blossoms of hope, that brightened our youth,
In our hearts lie withered and dead.

FRIENDSHIP.

As through the fitful gloom of life,
We wend our weary way,
One ray alone illumines our path,
'Tis Friendship lights the way.

It is the fondest tie that twines
About the broken heart;
It drives away the somber clouds,
And heals affliction's smart.

Through fortune's storms and through her smiles,
True friendship changes not;
Through good or ill or bliss or woe,
It comes to bless our lot.

And hearts thus bound in ties so sweet,
No fate can e'er estrange;
When friendship warms them into love,
Ah! then they never change.

SONG OF THE CAVALIER.

While sage and stoic idly boast
Of science and of art,
And precept dull and lesson long,
Of turgid lore impart,
Be mine the muse that soars above
Such heartless themes and sings of love.

The heart by golden arrow pierced,
From cupid's magic bow,
The tender thought, the fear, the hope
That love alone can know,
The whispered word, the languid eye—
For these my pensive harp shall sigh.

And if e'er its trembling strings
Should yield a cheerful tone,
Then know it is intruding there,
That note is not its own.
Ah! no, its chords must feebly tell
Some tale of love in every swell.

And when my muse would soar aloof,
And beam with reason's ray,
With patriot's words or heroes' deeds—
Yet touch them when I may,
Each mellow string will still repeat,
"The Song of Love alone is sweet."

LINES.

INSCRIBED TO MYRTILLIS.

Myrtillis, though we ne'er have met, yet I
 Have seen thee in my dreams, and wandered by
 Thy side, along the trackless mountain bright,
 To meet the morn or bid adieu to night.
 And still thy gentle harp beguiled the way,
 With song of sweetest sentiment, or lay
 Of gentleness and love. Their pensive spell
 Did mingle with my being then, and swell
 Along my heart-chords like Anacreon's shell.

Myrtillis, I have loved thy strain and hung
 Enchanted o'er the numbers, till they wrung
 Drops from these eyes—alas! too prone to tears.
 Thy fancy's flash, thy pensive verse, endears
 Thee to the distant, kindred son of song.
 Smooth be thy pathway here, and long
 Mayst thou yet wander in Parnassian bowers,
 And bear away her rarest, richest flowers.
 And still, as now, may virtue ever shine
 Upon thy page, and hallow every line.

 LINES.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Yes, gladly will I trace a line,
 Dear friend, to call to mind,
 When o'er these pages you may turn,
 Your still unchanging friend.

When far away 'mid stirring scenes,
 And such I yet may see,
 'Twould be my happiest thought to know
 You'd sometimes think of me.

Ambition, fame, wealth, pleasure, all
By me, would be resigned,
If I could only hope to live
In hearts I leave behind.

In future years and happier hours,
When smiling friends are near,
Look o'er the lines I've traced and know,
"My heart lies buried here."

THE WARRIOR AND THE SCHOLAR.

Time was when conquest made a name,
And murder marked the path to fame;
And but the mailed and armor'd throng
Was worth the tribute of a song —
When Alexander's mighty arm,
And Cæsar's gleaming, fiery blade,
Smote nations with the curse of war,
And fearful wreck and havoc made.

And yet again, Attila's band,
With ready torch and bloody hand,
And battle-axe and murd'rous lance,
Struck Rome and Normandy and France,
And swept with carnage and with death,
The fairest of the eastern plains;
And monster-like he murdered kings,
And dragged them in his captive trains.

And later, brutal Genghis Kahn,
Religion's foe, the curse of man,
His red, victorious banner bore
Across the Tartar's reeking shore;
And later still did Brittons dread,
And hardy Slav and Teuton start
To see blaze up the southern sky,
The fiery star of Bonaparte.

But who shall boast of conquerors' deeds,
Of him who struggles, fights and bleeds,
Who tramples under foot the poor,
And stains the earth with human gore?
Let such go forth with eager stride,
 To win the hero's bloody name;
But whether good or ill betide,
 Give me a nobler, better fame.

Cold is the heart and dark the mind
Of him who triumphs o'er his kind;
Destruction hovers round his way,
Like vulture o'er its fated prey;
To him are crimson plains but naught:
 Unmoved he views the fields of dead;
And every generous, pitying thought,
 From his cold, harden'd heart has fled.

The scholar's calm and noble face,
Aglow with learning's nameless grace,
Is nobler far than victor's scars,
Or wounds received on fields of Mars.
The student's quill, the harmless pen,
 That traces soft or burning words
Is mightier far than armed men —
 Is worth a thousand gleaming swords.

And now the splendid march of thought,
This truth sublime and grand hath taught,—
That honor waits with patience now,
To wreath the scholar's classic brow;
This golden age with trumpet tongue,
 Proclaims the glorious truth afar,
That peaceful triumphs far outshine
 The dear-bought victories of war.

NIGHT.

O night ! how pale and beautiful
Thy moonbeams fall around us,
Waking sweet thoughts of other years,
When happier hours crown'd us !

Each zephyr breath that floats along,
The leaves and blossoms moving,
Stirs up the spirit-depths of thought,
And sets the fancy roving.

Night is the time for memory
To seek her richest treasure,
The time to tread again the paths
Of love and youth and pleasure.

We almost meet the eyes again,
That beamed on us so brightly,
And touch again the gentle hand
We used to press so lightly.

Dear cottage home, that used to stand
Among the bending bowers,
Where soonest sang the birds of spring,
And earliest bloomed the flowers !

At thought of home and youth and friends,
Ah, how the heart rejoices !
Naught but the calm, the stilly night
Can e'er give back their voices.

Night is the time when love and song
Wake all the soul of feeling —
The hour that wafts us back again,
Life's glorious morn revealing.

A selfish thought or sordid wish,
Can then disturb us never ;

But youth and love bloom out again,
As fresh and green as ever.

I'LL NOT FORGET.

Oh, think not dear one, I'll forget,
The sunny smile that won me!
'Twill live when even hope is dead,
Till fate shall have undone me.

Ah! bright to me will be that smile,
O'er mem'ry's empire playing,
As are the evening sunbeams bright,
Through beds of flowers straying

My lute may lose its friendly voice,
And all its strings be broken:
And I may weep to part with friends,
To hear the farewell spoken;

Or I may cross the foaming sea,
A wand'rer sad and lonely,—
My thoughts will wander back to thee,
My heart to thine, thine only.

Or should Dame Fortune deign to smile,
And ope' her golden treasure;
Should folly tempt me to pursue
The transient gleam of pleasure;

Yet still, oh! still, I'll think of thee,
My gentle friend, believe me;
No time or change can ever cause
The nameless charm to leave me.

ADDRESSES.

THE KENTUCKY TEACHER AND HIS MISSION.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MONROE COUNTY
TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, AUGUST 13, 1886.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In responding to the wish of your county superintendent and your committee, that I should address you to-night, I must confess I have had no time for preparation. At some Institutes held here in former years, when I had an earlier notice, and more time to devote to such work, I have taken some pains to interweave with the cardinal tenants of philosophy and the fruits of experience, some trellises of rhetoric and flowers of fancy, to please the ear and delight the imagination.

But fact is mightier than fancy, truth is higher than fiction; and it has now come to be known and understood, everywhere, that to communicate practical information, solid instruction, is a far higher and nobler task than merely to please and amuse.

As teachers of Kentucky your mission is a great one, a grand one indeed. If I can give you the keynote, the bed-rock, the basic principle of all success in your work; if I can put into your hands the magic lamp which will enable you to build moral and intellectual structures, surpassing in greatness

and magnificence the fabled palace of Aladin, then I shall not have spoken in vain; and then, indeed, shall I be sure of your approbation and your gratitude.

Some men make the garden radiant with flowers — rich with sweet perfume; some make the farm beautiful as it groans beneath its golden harvest; some build houses, some cities, some ships, some railroads, some build governments, some empires, some kingdoms, some make books, and some build temples of fame; but you, teachers, form and fabricate minds and souls. You are greater than any or all of these builders; for you are builders of these builders, and makers of these makers.

Some years ago I was in conversation with one of the noblest sons Monroe county has ever produced; and he said in substance: “We in Kentucky cannot erect or maintain vast cities and factories, as can the East; we cannot compete with the North in grain-fields and garner; we cannot vie with the South in the growth of the snowy cotton that used to be King, and may still be King forever; the nuggets of gold, the diamonds and the rubies glitter not here as they do in the deep ravines, and on the lofty peaks of the Rocky mountains, and along the golden shores of the Pacific. There is but one thing left us, and in that we can excel the outside world — we can raise MEN.” How forcibly that struck me, and what a grand conception it was!

Behold what Kentucky has done and is doing in raising MEN! She placed in the pulpit such names as Bascom and Maffitt and Cavanaugh and Breckinridge. She has given to the law such names as Mills and Boyle and Hardin and Rowan and Harlan. As orators, she has contributed Daviess, Menifee, Marshall and our own Jo. Blackburn and Will. Bradley, who as orators are the peers of the

first and foremost in the Union to-day. And it hath been reserved for Joel T. Hart, a Kentuckian, to form and fashion out of the cold, crude marble that beautiful image, that sublime conception, "The Triumph of Chastity," which is destined to be as immortal as the Apollo and Minerva of the old Grecian Masters.

As soldiers, Kentuckians, on every field of fight from Blue Licks to Tippecanoe, and to the river Rasin, and to New Orleans, and to the tragic plains of Buena Vista, on which the power of the modern Attila was broken, and his dusky legions scattered, and still on Menassas and Vicksburg, and Shiloh, and on to the world-famed field of Appomattox, in the red glare of conflict, in the van of the hosts, the Kentuckian has ever swung the stalwart arm of the Roman Gladiator, and evinced the Grecian heart of steel.

When nearly twenty-five years ago agitators, North and South, had kindled the fires of civil hate and sectional discord throughout the land; when the tempest gathered and the war-cloud hung like a pall in our sky; when many of our erring sister-states, that had so long circled around the nucleus of the constitution, shot wildly from their spheres; when the two sections, or the two governments, looked far and wide over their vast domains for Presidents, for sages and statesmen to take the helm of state in the time of awful insurrection or dread revolution, one section chose Abraham Lincoln, a Kentuckian, the other Jefferson Davis, a Kentuckian. And let passion or prejudice say what it may, the historian of the future, the student of distant generations will gaze back at Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis as the two most conspicuous figures in the annals of the Great American Conflict. Let Kentucky raise up MEN; for Lincoln and Davis were Kentuckians.

Teachers, did you know that in the last National Legislature Kentucky had six Senators and sixteen Representatives, or sons of her native soil? Such is the fact, and no other state in the Union had so many in proportion to the number of her inhabitants.

Kentuckians are thoroughbreds always and everywhere. For fun or for work; for deadly combat or generous hospitality; for dauntless eye or kingly form; for knightly deference and politeness to women; for chivalrous respect for the rights of others, and quick assertions of his own; for a tender heart and an iron hand, give me a Kentuckian in preference to any man beneath the sun. Kentucky has furnished the North and the South with many of their best and highest types of men. She has contributed heart and brain and brawn to all lands; and she is daily, yearly, pouring into the vast, virile West her wealth of cultured and noble men to develop its rich resources, to adorn its professions, and to walk in the van of every laudable enterprise.

We can give out men to the world, and you who teach are the architects, the builders of our men; you are the potters with power over the clay. And now the question recurs—How can the teacher best discharge this grave duty? It is true that the mind, the heart and the manners must be instructed, elevated and polished. It is true the teacher's duties are multitudinous and many-sided; but I believe, and here assert as an axiom in the premises, that the true secret of the teacher's success lies in his ability to touch and set in motion the latent forces, the motive powers of the mind. There are motive powers in mind and morals as well as in physics. Emulation and ambition are tremendous motive powers of the mind. Teachers, create, nourish and stimulate this laudable spirit, and the greatest, grandest, surest part of your work is done.

If you ask how this may be best and easiest done, I answer by frequent and judicious lectures in school. Point out to your students illustrious examples of great men who came up from the very depths of poverty and obscurity. Tell them it is the poor boys and the poor girls that move the world. If you will point me to one man or woman in history, or in the present time, who began life surrounded by wealth, auspicious circumstances and favoring winds, I will name you ninety-nine who began poor and worked their way up through the hardest toil and the severest privations.

Picture to your students the boyhood and the girlhood of great men and women; tell them how they struggled with poverty and conquered difficulties. Study their tastes and dispositions; point out to each the avocation or profession best adapted to his tastes and talents, and illustrate by examples from history. Has one or more a taste for mechanics? Tell him the story of Watt, of Stephenson, of Arkwright, of Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat; of Hiram Spears, the great ship-builder; of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph; or of Edison, the inventor of the electric light and of the telephone — the great American, Thomas Edison, who was thirty years ago one of the poorest and most obscure boys in the United States, and who is to-day one of the wealthiest and most famous men in the world.

Would another of your little boys be a merchant? Tell him the story of Amos Lawrence, the great Boston merchant — how poor he was when a boy, how industrious he was, how steady and how honest he was, how exact and methodical in business, how old and how rich he became, and the great charities he endowed and built up. Or tell him of Stephen Girard, the poor, sickly, ugly, one-eyed French boy, who left his native land a hard-working, poorly

paid, kicked and cuffed sailor-boy at twelve years old, and who after years of sea-faring took up his abode in Philadelphia, and by dilligence and industry became the richest merchant of his time, and at last bequeathed ten or twelve millions of dollars to charities in this country. Or point him to the lowly beginning of A. T. Stewart, that prince of American merchants, who began life as poor as the poorest in New York City forty years ago, and recently died a millionaire.

Would another preach the unsearchable riches of the gospel? If so, recount to him the poverty and the hardships of the early life of Whitefield, or Bascom, or Maffitt, or Moody, or Jones. Would some of your little boys devote themselves to the law, or consecrate themselves to statesmanship? Then point them to the career of any or all the greatest and grandest men in the whole range of our country's history; and you will find that nearly every one has come up from the humblest and lowliest walks of life. Where is to be found the bright-eyed little boy whose heart will not swell within him at the story of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Henry Clay, Jackson, Webster, Marshall, Meniffee, Johnson, Lincoln, Garfield, or any of a hundred other of the greatest men in our history, who learned in the school of poverty the lessons of pluck and energy and patience and self-reliance, without which no man can ever become truly great.

Teachers, it is difficult to realize how much the cultured man or woman owes to the little circumstance, however trivial it may seem, that gave to him or her the first inspiration. It may have been some genial companion who kindled in our bosom the Promethean spark. It may have been the pages of some noble book; it may have been some sermon, or some speech, or some poem, or some romance,

that roused within us a sense of our own powers, that gave us a glimpse of the beacon mark, lofty and far away, and inspired us with the determination to reach it.

I appeal to every teacher, and to every lady and gentleman who have climbed or are climbing to learning and usefulness, to answer in his or her heart, what gave the first impulse? It was a new birth to you. It opened to you a new world. It gave you something to live for, something to hope for, something to struggle for. Then study ceased to be a task, and became a joy, a labor of love. It was this grand ambition that fairly rushed you on up the rugged steep of Learning. If you found no path you made one; if you found the iron hot you struck it; and if you found it cold you made it hot by striking. What man or woman of learning, what teacher or student, who looks not back with bounding heart to the glorious man, or woman, or book that first kindled the hallowed fire of emulation and resolve in the heart? If I should ask you to give outward expression to this sweet memory, the storm of clapping hands would shake this building from its spire to its foundation.

Glorious Kentucky! Land of green hills, smiling valleys and winding rivers! — clime of genial sunshine, health-giving breezes, crystal springs and lofty mountains! — birth-place of Lincoln and Davis and Zachary Taylor! — home of Clay, and shrine of his sacred ashes! — the cradle and the tomb of Menifee and Daviess and Crittenden and Marshall and Morehead and Ewing! — long may thine army of gifted teachers continue to mold and to send out over the Union thy peerless men and matchless women! Oh Kentucky! land of my birth and my home! — land of your birth, and home of your choice — to-night I hail thee, and I crown thee as Queen of the States!

PASSION.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEACHERS'

INSTITUTE, OF MONROE COUNTY, KY.,

AUGUST 15, 1876.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The subject upon which I am to address you to night may not be sufficiently abstruse and prosy to please some emotionless and pedantic critics; but when I look around me upon the bright-eyed beauty, the graceful youth, the gallant manhood assembled here, and reflect that more than half of this audience are basking in the sunshine of life's joyous May-day, and that most of the other half are yet lingering in the warm noon of middle age, I cannot but conclude that the theme is appropriate to the occasion.

It is an error to suppose that our adolescent years should be given wholly to the accumulation of a great mass of cumbrous, didactic lore. It is equally a mistake to presume that we should hang down our heads and mope through the world like some gloomy gnome, afraid to be happy, ashamed to laugh. No man, woman or book will teach you such a hypochondriac philosophy. No, indeed; it is as much our duty to be happy as to be wise; for true wisdom and true happiness are almost inseparable. While we are amassing that intellectual wealth which is so noble and so useful, we should not wholly neglect the sentimental and the imaginative. While gathering in the ripe fruits of sedate wisdom, and hoarding up the shining mammon of the world, we should

pause occasionally to pluck a sweet wild-flower, or rest awhile from our toils in some sylvan retreat, or listen for a moment to the Orphean harmonies of nature.

Acting upon this idea, I thought that after so much conjugating and parsing and ciphering and demonstrating, through the day, you might perhaps appreciate and enjoy something of a lighter and livelier mood. I concluded that after working through so many weary hours, with problems and theories that tire and oppress the brain, it would be meet to enliven the evening, if possible, with some reflections more pleasing to the fancy and congenial to the heart.

Passion, in the sense in which I speak of it, is said by the best lexicographers to mean "active emotion;" "any mental feeling accompanied with desire, prompting to action;" "any active emotion or affection of the mind, as love, hatred, joy, grief, &c.;" "vehement desire, ardor, zeal;" "love, attachment, affection." Dr. Smith, in his admirable work on Moral Philosophy, treats the passions as high grades of affection, and defines them to be "strong emotions or tendencies of the mind toward objects which we esteem to be good or evil."

I have no word of encomium for those violent and turbulent emotions of the soul, or those lower passions which belong more appropriately to the appetites than to the sentiments or affections. These storm-like gusts which break away from the cool restraints of reason, and hurry the individual headlong into the wildest follies and extremes, are to be deprecated and condemned. To restrain these passions and keep them within proper bounds, is a primary duty of the teacher, and a principal object of all just education. Any system of instruction which ignores this branch of culture is idle and worthless.

It is only by a judicious display of reason and reflection, and by a wise and prudent moral restraint, that these passions can be brought under proper subjection. If they are thus judiciously controlled, they become noble springs of action, instead of being, as they too frequently are, the tempests of the soul, the burning simoons that sweep destructively over the gardens of the heart.

The principles of our nature as fixed and ordained by the Omnipotent One, although imperfect and requiring restraints and culture, are yet wise and good; and they are great fountains from which flow all that is agreeable and great and good among men and women. These impulses need assistance; they need correction and control; but virtue does not require, as has been insisted by some harsh and sour philosophers, that any of the sympathies, sentiments or passions should be entirely extinguished. They may be wrong in application, or wrong in excess, but they are not wrong in themselves.

The man, for instance, without resentment, would be a tame, contemptible beast, and liable to be insulted and cuffed and kicked at every turn in life. And, on the contrary, one who is prone to rush heedlessly and blindly into strife and revenge, on every trivial provocation, might justly be regarded as a disagreeable and dangerous beast of prey. The passions of emulation and love and ambition, have often elevated the human faculties to an extraordinary height of glorious achievement. They are the favorable gales in the voyage of life, which waft us into the haven of our highest hopes and best achievements. Without them life would be dull and stagnant; its noblest impulses would cease; society would fall to pieces, and the springs of our happiness would be dried up forever.

Beginning back at the fountain head of time, we

may assume that every high thought and deed owed its life to this mysterious zeal or enthusiasm, which is termed Passion in this discourse. Passing those awful and startling announcements, and those denunciations of woe upon our fallen race, which were said to have touched the hallowed lips of the prophets with fire, I might begin at the Christian era, and assert that the preaching of those who inaugurated the reign of the Gospel must have been attended with an unction and a zeal which melted the stony heart of an almost petrified humanity, and shook into fragments a cold and lifeless system of forms and ceremonies, which had been hallowed by the faith and service of a hundred generations of men.

It is said by some of the historians of his time, that the Apostle Paul, while preaching, looked more like an angel than a mortal man. What must have been the depth and compass of his voice, the sweep of his gesture, the fire of his eye, when he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come, in the presence of Felix? What must have been the consuming strength of his enthusiasm, the splendor of his elocution, in his celebrated speech before Agrippa, which extorted from that heathen and tyrant the exclamation — “Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian !”

If Martin Luther had coolly and indifferently proposed and reasoned and assumed, in his ministry, he would never have shaken the Romish Church to its foundations, and erected upon its ruins that great Temple of Protestantism, which has morally and religiously revolutionized the whole world. But instead of that dull and turgid style, we are told that his ardor and passion, like a resistless mountain torrent, bore down and swept away everything before it.

Behold the marvelous results of the zeal and pathos of Peter the Hermit, whose itinerant preaching aroused Europe, and kindled the whole civilized world into a flame of enthusiasm that culminated in the Crusades. A great spell, a religious hallucination seemed to pervade the mind and heart of the Hermit, and his impassioned and mighty appeals have, perhaps, never been surpassed in any age. They called into being the most chivalrous and magnificent armies that ever marched to a tented field — armies that will never cease to be the wonder and admiration of the historian.

So with Hall, Whitefield, Wesley, Spurgeon, Bascom, Talmage, Beecher and Moody. The secret of their might consists of a great volume of electric force, set in motion by powerful impulse and enthusiasm, which pervades everybody and everything within its presence. It shames and confounds irreverence; it sweeps away the strongholds of diabolism; it overwhelms and crushes infidelity; it captivates the heart, warms the frozen affections, and is thus vastly instrumental in spreading the conquests of a redeeming and heaven-born Christianity.

The same reasoning applies equally to forensic eloquence. There was never a speech in a deliberative assembly, or at the bar, or on the hustings, that elicited a compliment, or roused an audience, or lived a day beyond the day of its birth, unless the element of Passion was in it to temper it with that force and inspire it with that vitality without which no speaking can be effectual. Demosthenes, when asked what was the first and most essential requisite of oratory, answered — “action.” When asked what the second, he answered — “action.” And when asked what was the third, he still answered — “ACTION;” thus adding the weight of his great authority to the idea that voice, look, emphasis and gesture,

which can only be inspired and moved by Passion, make up almost the whole of the orator's shining weapons.

It is related that Roscius and Cicero used often to indulge in sportive contests as to which could express an idea the most fully and impressively — Cicero by words, or Roscius by actions or pantomime. And I believe it is added by the historian that the great Roman orator was, in most instances, obliged to yield the palm to his more impassioned and dramatic friend. It were needless to tell me that Passion can be borrowed or imitated. It can not be successfully done! No counterfeit is so easily detected as a counterfeit Passion.

It may be justly said that enthusiasm, heat, have breathed the very breath of life into every thrilling and effectual speech on record. Pretty words and sonorous periods may be thrown together during our cool moments; but those speeches and those appeals which stir men's blood, and make the "hair stand on end," have invariably been thrown off at red heat, like the shining ore from the blazing, glowing furnace.

Hennies remarks that "a speaker will affect his audience according to the degree in which he is affected himself! How can that man transfuse the very life of passion into the souls of others, while he himself remains unmoved?"

Addison says it is essential to oratory that the speaker should show by his manner that he is "in earnest and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others." Another fine author speaking of earnestness or passion says: "It stimulates to thought and action, rouses the energies and fires the soul. It is something that is contagious, spreading from breast to breast, till the whole assembly becomes moved, as it were, by one im-

pulse." Webster, than whom there is scarcely any higher authority, says that "true eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. * * * It must exist in the subject, in the man, and in the occasion. * * * It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force."

What further need be said to convince you that Passion is the mysterious animus that inspires the orator with the wondrous spell of his power? If this truth could yet be questioned, I would appeal directly to the evidence of your own senses. I would ask you if you have not felt the witchery of some voice, whose tones you knew were rendered soft and musical by some deep and involuntary emotion? Have you not been moved by the zeal and fervor of some speaker, while you scarcely heeded the words he uttered? Have we not all been delighted with the sermons of some fervid and enthusiastic minister when we scarcely believed a word of his doctrine?

I am no apologist for bloodshed and carnage, nor would I utter one word calculated to stimulate in the youthful mind a thirst for martial glory. This war like spirit is an edged weapon, not often in requisition, and dangerous in the extreme; but which is sometimes a just, a powerful and an indispensable instrument in vindicating the right, and securing the highest and holiest objects of our existence. A war of conquest, a war of aggression or a war of plunder, is awfully wicked and barbarous; but I believe the King of Heaven smiles approvingly upon him who battles for religious truth and purity, or unsheathes his sword in the hour of his country's peril, and strikes for his family, his altar and his hearth-stone. From the hour in which he nerved

the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant — from the day on which his warrior-prophet bade the sun stand still — from the victory of the slender shepherd boy over the mailed and armored giant, down to the night in which he poured his foaming, impassable flood between the fugitive patriot army of Washington and the serried British hosts — down to the day on which he humbled infidel France at the feet of Christian Prussia, the God of battles has blessed the patriot's sword.

Patriotism is a passion, love of human freedom is a passion, devotion to religious liberty is a passion, and it were impossible to estimate the instrumentality and potency of these high impulses and emotions in blessing and elevating the human race. The hardy Switzers owe their freedom to the iron arm and heroic heart of Tell, who scorned to bow to Gesler's cap. The blood of Bruce and Sydney and Hampden has cried from the ground in voiceless language that shook the British isles and snapped the tyrant's chains. Napoleon Bonaparte, the marvelous, mighty man — that "child of destiny," with his gleaming, fiery blade, smote combined despotic Europe full in the face, and so crippled and blinded the demons of Oppression, that civil and religious liberty achieved a growth of three hundred years while Europe staggered and floundered in her just humiliation and shame. Garibaldi, the brilliant and laudable revolutionist, has stricken the manacles from the limbs of Southern Europe, and given her the great boon of free religion. The blood of Warren and DeKalb and Kosciusko has blossomed into celestial flowers that deck the freeman's brow. By the redeeming magic, and in the gleaming light of the patriot's sword, a few crippled colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast, sprang into the attitude of a grand nation; and we, her favored sons and daughters,

can all rejoice to-day in the assurance that millions of her noble sons from the stern, heroic North, and from the impetuous and chivalrous South, stand ever ready to champion her rights and guard her life, as she treads on and on up the Pisgah-heights of her limitless and immortal future !

No one will question for a moment the assumption that poetry owes all its splendid achievements to the promptings of this divine afflatus. Poetry is the effusion, the quintessence of Passion. The individual who writes poetry must be possessed by his art and his theme. As the precious stones and finer metals are said to have resulted from intense and long-continued volcanic heat, so these gems of thought can only emanate from some great excitement of the mind, or powerful emotion of the heart. Byron once said he could never get the English people to understand that "poetry was the language of passion." Shakespeare, the master artist, recognizes this truth when, in describing the poet under the influence of his spell, he speaks of "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

But it might be thought a slight or an injustice to the marriageable young ladies and young gentlemen present, if I did not say something at least of that very common affection of the heart known as the "Tender Passion." Ah ! here opens up before us a garden so full of radiant flowers and ambrosial fruits, a landscape so diversified with green hills and shadowy vales, so checkered with winding streams and murmuring cascades, and so bright with rainbows, that I feel almost abashed to cross its charmed boundary. It may be thought silly to define a passion so common, so agreeable and so well understood; for, even now, it is vividly defined, and, may-be, highly realized in the hearts of most of these young ladies and gentlemen, while memory doubt-

less brings to the older ones present lively reminiscences of their OWN AFFAIRES DU CŒUR in the days of other years.

Now, of course, you older ones have very distinct and agreeable recollections of "the wooing-time in life,"

"When the birds in wood and grove,
Sung forever of their love;
When the earth was sweet with flowers,
And the golden-winged hours,"

flew joyously and swiftly away. You remember how all the day long you thought of HIM or thought of HER. And you know, too, how the lively jest and sharp reproof were hurled at you because your heads were dizzy and your hands were unwilling servants. You remember how the dishes went unwashed, the house unswept and the cards and the wheel stood still. You elderly gentlemen recollect full well how the scythe, the plow and the axe lay idle, and nothing prospered but the wooing; and how the older heads mourned because they thought you were ill.

But according to Noah Webster, love is "affection," "courtship," "fondness," "devotion." Shakespeare declares it to be all made of "sighs and tears," "faith and service," "duty and obedience," "patience and impatience." Burns calls it a "cloudless summer sun." Scott says "love is Heaven, and Heaven is love." Sharpe gives his opinion of it in this sparkling antithetic verse:

"Love is a palæe grand and great,
Holding the soul's best treasures;
Love is a tomb where lie in state
The ghosts of buried pleasures."

Campbell regards it a "boundless, burning waste;" Moore treats it as "morning's winged dream," and Byron as "glory circling round the soul."

Love is at once the strongest and noblest of the passions. Whether we speak of the morning sunbeam of our youthful affection, timidly trembling through the light young heart, or whether we regard it as the noon-tide ray of passion's riper dreams, it is interesting and beautiful still. When crossed by no unhappy stars, it is the source of the highest happiness; but when scorned or unrequited it becomes a torture, the soul's starvation, and its every breath is a whisper of woe. It carries within it the elements of intense joy and intense grief. It is sometimes woven of rainbows, and sometimes wrought out of weird, black shadows on a background of starless and eternal midnight.

The literature of love is more voluminous than any other literature. A song without it is generally a failure, and a book without it is a dry, insipid thing. Says Peter Bayne, the prince of recent critics: "Take love out of literature and all of it, which is not strictly scientific—the simple statement of fact and law—all of it that lies within the province of the imagination, falls into incoherence and disruption." Love has ever been the favorite theme of the romancer and the poet. And those authors who have shown themselves most ardent and felicitous in delineating the "Tender Passion," have always been, whether justly or not, the most popular. Of the prose writers, Richardson, Rousseau, Dumas, Bulwer, Lamb, Bronte and Broughton, may be regarded as eminent in this respect. Among the dramatists, Shakespeare stands unrivaled. Burns, Moore, Byron and Tennyson have been very successful in the poetical literature of love. Burns's "Highland Mary," and some other of his songs are justly celebrated for their deep pathos. Tennyson in many of his poems, and especially in

his "Enoch Arden" and "Gardener's Daughter," has given us some fine touches.

In Byron's *Giaour*, one of the most ornate and impassioned of his epic productions, he makes that hero exclaim:

"The cold in clime are cold in blood —
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood,
That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame."

Here we have a fearfully intense and perhaps an overwrought picture of Passion. But far more touchingly beautiful is the description of his own youthful passion, given in the "Dream: "

"He had no breath, no being but in her's;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed her's, and saw with her's,
Which colored all his objects; he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life."

In Moore's "Loves of the Angels," there may be found in the Second Angel's Story the fragment of a beautiful song which exhibits this sentiment in this author's happiest style:

"A bark at midnight sent alone
To drift upon a moonless sea;
A lute whose leading chord is gone;
A wounded bird that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Is like what I am without thee."

But in that sweet song of the "Lost Peri," this poet makes his betrothed girl speak thus to the noble youth who was dying of the plague.

"Oh, let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee;
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There — drink my tears, while yet they fall —

Would that my bosom's blood were balm;
And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one moment's calm !"

The fond and faithful girl is said to have perished with her loved one; and the sigh of her last expiring moment was caught up by the Peri, and, supposed to be the gift most dear to Heaven, was borne to the crystal gates of Eden.

Since wedlock was intended to be the destiny and the ultimatum of the gentle passion, and since its greatest happiness and best fruition are doubtless realized within this blissful state, I suppose I could not conclude this address more appropriately than by giving a stanza of the sweet song attributed to the masked Arabian Maid, in "The Light of the Harem." No equal number of words ever threw over wedded love a brighter halo:

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this !



AMBITION.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT TOMPKINSVILLE, KY., AUGUST, 1890.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I greet you and congratulate you on your annual assembling as the teachers of our county, for Institute work. I know you will reap both pleasure and profit from "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" that mark your every session. As an apology on my part for occupying even a small portion of your time, I must plead the cordial invitation of your County Superintendent, Mr. Emmert. Knowing and appreciating, as I have known and appreciated for years, his zealous and successful labors as your chief educational officer, I did not feel at liberty to decline his request, or to withhold anything within my power which might possibly contribute to the entertainment of those assembled here.

There is in this country a commonly received but erroneous notion that an education means a complete knowledge of the spelling-book, the first, second and third readers, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, natural philosophy and a tolerable acquaintance with history—this and nothing more! Now I assert that an educated mind must not only be familiar with the sciences, but it must be imbued with all those high aspirations, and generous and noble impulses which arm us for the life-battle, and

fit us for good and useful men and women. These aspirations and impulses come not from the school-books. They are higher than books. They must be instilled into the young mind by precept and example, by lecture and conversation, by admonition and encouragement.

Indeed, we are authorized to believe that the ancients gave the very highest degree of educational and scholastic polish by lectures. Epicurus, the founder of that system of philosophy which derives its name from him, imparted his doctrines to his followers *viva voce*. Zeno, who originated Stoicism, taught it in the same way; and if history be correct, that great man had no better school-house than a porch in Athens, where, month after month, and year after year, his disciples assembled, and imbibed from his lips that magnificent code of ethics, which has made so many heroes. Many of the glorious names that flash like sun-lit jewels on the pages of Grecian and Roman history, adhered to the Stoic school. Aristotle, the founder of Peripateticism, taught in the same manner, and contributed to the world the wisest and best system of Pagan philosophy the human race has known—a system which steers between the extremes of the other two, and is second only, in truth and beauty, to the Bible itself. John Lock, that profound scholar, that prince of meta-physicians, owned in his old age that a large portion of his knowledge had been gleaned from conversations. In the light of these facts and examples, can you as Teachers, neglect or refuse to talk and lecture to your students, and impart to them these high aims and aspirations in life?

I take it that the object of all teaching is to fit and prepare us for good, noble and successful lives. If we are good we are sure to be happy. If we are noble we deserve to be honored. If our aims are

high, and we are successful, then are we famous. These prefatory remarks bring me to my subject—Ambition.

The word ambition, in common acceptation, means a vice. Thus, it is something foul and hideous—something to be feared and avoided. Well, I grant you that a sordid, selfish, wicked ambition is ruinous.

„Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave,”

says Pope. This is true. One had better be a fool than possessed of knowledge to be used for wicked purposes. He had better be an arrant coward than to be endowed with a mere angry, ferocious, brutal courage. So, also, a man had better be a very drone than to be sordidly, wickedly ambitious. I warn you against such ambition as this. History shows us amply the awful consequences which attend it. Alexander climbed to the dizziest heights of this bad ambition. He marched steadily on from victory to conquest, and from conquest to victory, until a suppliant world was at his feet. After weeping that he had not another world to conquer, he died in a disgraceful scene of revelry. Nero, another example, after committing a thousand murders and atrocities set fire to Rome, his mother city, and sang to his harp the destruction of joy. Julius Cæsar, that noble Roman, not content with the adoration of his countrymen, not satisfied with the green laurels that already decked his brow, aspired to be a king, and to build a throne upon the ruins of his country. But on that fatal Ides of March, while he stood in the Roman Senate expecting to receive a crown, he fell at the hands of assassins.

But ambition is a generic word. It has a higher and holier meaning than this. In its better interpre-

tation it means emulation—a thirst for distinction in noble deeds and thoughts—a laudable desire for fame. This is the sense in which I commend it to you. This is the use of ambition, the other the abuse of it.

Ambition was the Promethean fire that warmed the heart and illumined the fancy of Scio's matchless bard, and enabled him to pour forth that majestic flood of Epic song that mingled with and sweetened the very tide of time. It glowed in the breast of the younger Curtius as he leaped into the frightful chasm that had opened in the Roman forum. It made Robert Emmett what he was, and helped him to stand erect and dauntless amid his bloody British judges, and plead for his injured country. There, in that trying hour, with a felon's doom before him, he stood serene and unmoved like the proud condor on the rock of Peru's coast, defying with equal composure the storm that raves and rends the atmosphere above, and the surging element that roars and dashes and towers below.

I assume it as an axiom in the intellectual as well as in the physical world, that "nothing moves without a motive power." An inanimate object, once at rest, is at rest forever, unless it is put in motion by a power. So in a great measure with the human intellect. Ambition is a tremendous motive power of the mind. You must have and feel and contribute to this power. Choose the path you intend to pursue, and then kindle the fire. Be ambitious to excel; and depend upon it there is no excellence without ambition. Go to work. Don't sit down and hope and wait for something to happen to make you successful, rich or famous. I tell you now it will never happen! There is no such thing in this world as luck! The very word is a fraud and a burlesque on our language. I believe it is to be

found in your lexicons, but it is nonsense. Go home and expunge it, strike it out. Don't be missled by it. You might convince me that the sea is full of mermaids; or that nightly witches go skimming through the air astride their broomsticks; or that the hills and dales of classic Scotland teem with fairies; but you never can convince me that there is such a thing as luck, or hap, or fortune. You must work out your own destiny, and if you are to be successful you must work it out bravely.

"In the lexicon of youth,
Which fate reserves for noble manhood,
There's no such word as fail."

Young lady, your destiny is higher than that of man. Your field of usefulness is wider; your career more fraught with the best and mightiest interests of society and civilization. Your empire over us is not an empire of fear and force and despotism, but it is an empire of love. The sceptre you sway over us, though gentle and willowy as the reed that waves and nods at the touch of the zephyr's breath, is yet strong as hooks of everlasting steel. Your sex has graced and adorned every field of learning. Statesmanship, philosophy, painting, poetry, art and science have all been enriched by woman's mind, and embellished by her plastic touch. Let me adjure you then, young ladies, to cultivate those graces and accomplishments of mind and heart, which contribute so much to your might and usefulness and happiness here, and fit you so well for the life hereafter. Aspire to that lofty and noble womanhood contemplated by Byron in a stanza of his *Hebrew Melodies*:

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Young gentlemen, I take it that you have chosen your profession or avocation in life. Ambition must be the motive power to drive you on. You cannot succeed without it. And I now warn you that the measure of your success in whatever you attempt will be in exact ratio to the strength and momentum of your ambition. We learn from Quintilian that those who attained distinction among the ancients, would often retire to caves and prosecute their studies there for months or years. Fearing that they might yield too soon to the seductive voice of pleasure, and mingle again with the world, they would shave half of their heads, so that it was thus put out of their power to appear in society for a time without appearing ridiculously.

Behold the energy and self-sacrificing industry of Demosthenes and Cicero! They had great obstacles to overcome. Their first appearances before the people were hissed and ridiculed. But nothing loth, they buried themselves again in seclusion, and toiled and studied and practiced. Again they came forth with all their rich stores of learning and pathos, and this time were enabled to send forth a storm of eloquence, which, like the resistless mountain stream, swept everything before it.

Ambition will give you an iron will. It will enable you to set your feet firmly in the rugged path, your eye on the shining beacon above and beyond, and to move along with dauntless courage and heroic tread. Like the mettled hounds of Actæon, you must pursue your object as well where there is no path as where there is one. You must not only strike when the iron is hot, but you must "make the iron hot by striking." Strike like the fabled Cyclops of old, who forged the thunderbolts for Jove.

“Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
And on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.”

You must rely upon yourself. Do your own work. Halt not in view of any barrier. Pause for no misfortune.

“When the world grows cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.”

Go bravely into the life battle. Turn not aside to pluck the flowers that bloom along your pathway. Heed not the luring voice of pleasure, or the idiot laugh of revelry. Should gloom gather round you and hope begin to fail, look down into your own great heart, and catch a spark of inspiration from the fire that's ever burning there; stand up erect and firm and strong like McGregor on his native hills; shout your battle slogan, and you will find that before such purpose and energy as this, mountains will crumble into molehills around you!

“Is Fame your aspiration? Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks the temple, content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting; but he, alone can take it,
Who says with Roman firmness — I'll find a way or make it.
In love's impassioned warfare, the tale has ever been,
That victory crowns the valiant,— the brave are they who win,
Though strong is beauty's castle, a lover still may take it,
Who says with Roman daring,— I'll find a way or make it.”

Now what has ambition achieved? Temporally speaking, it has achieved all things. It has breathed the breath of life into every noble deed and thought. This it was that stimulated the immortal Dr. Harvey to toil through a long life in developing the physiological and anatomic sciences; and when, in 1628, he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, though it cost him his life, it linked his name forever with

the healing art. Milton and Burns and Dryden and Thomson and Gray and Collins and Washington and Jefferson all quaffed at this Pierian spring.

'Twas this kindling spark that animated Patrick Henry to stand forth in the Virginia House of Burgesses, like Gibraltar in the storm, and beard the British lion in his den. Behold him there, amid that vast throng, surrounded by British officers and despotic minions, as he utters for the first time the electric battle-cry of the revolution — “LIBERTY OR DEATH.” Cæsar, exclaimed the orator, had his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third — “Treason! Treason!” rises like a storm around him. But the orator lifting his commanding form to its full majestic height, and fixing on the chairman an eye of fire, from which he shrank as from the lightning’s flash, exclaimed in a voice that sounded above the tumult, — “MAY PROFIT BY THEIR EXAMPLE. IF THIS BE TREASON MAKE THE MOST OF IT.”

Webster’s ambition enabled him in his youth and early manhood to delve down into the constitution and jurisprudence of his country, and finally to forge the thunderbolts of thought for a nation. It inspired the brilliant and gifted Calhoun to suspend, as it were, in the heavens, that magnificent dome of thought, which was the wonder and admiration of the world. This laudable ambition carried Henry Clay from the swamps and slashes of Hanover, in early life, to the Council-House of his country. In 1832 our sky was overcast with clouds that foreboded a horrid internecine strife. Fear came on all, and strong hearts trembled. But the orator sent out his clarion voice in the face of the gloom. The press caught up his burning words, and they echoed through all our hills and valleys. Their depth and power and pathos called forth a nation’s tears. The

clouds were dissipated and amity and fraternity restored.

Again, in 1850, our ship of state was tossed on the angry ocean of sectional strife. The foam-capped billows rolled and dashed like revolving mountains around her. The thunders shook the mighty deep to its foundations, and the lightnings kissed old ocean's briny cheek. "Lost! Lost!" went up from the thousands aboard. But an aged man appeared at the helm, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He looked the tempest full in the face and said, "Peace, be still." He laid his hand on the rudder; the ship obeyed his motion, and he moored her safely in the harbor. And high above the wild ecstatic shout that went up from the millions that lined the shore, was heard the name of "Henry Clay."

Young ladies and gentlemen, feel this laudable ambition yourselves, and impart it to those whom it is your duty to educate.

WE MUST EDUCATE.

CLOSING PARAGRAPHS OF AN ADDRESS BEFORE

A COUNTY INSTITUTE.

As I have witnessed, for some years, the vast growth of popular education; as I have noted the deep and ever-growing current of enthusiasm among teachers and trustees, parents and children for a higher and purer culture; as I have observed the elegance, the learning and the ability of this Institute, seemingly in advance of all others; when I estimate your work and the work of two hundred thousand others of your calling, in this wide domain of ours, for two or three decades to come, I am made to wonder and to ask—“What will the harvest be?” Even now I seem to see the picture of the future rising on the canvas of the fancy, distinct in outline and vivid in coloring as reality itself.

Wrapped in an apparent spirit of prophecy, and drawing inspiration from the scene around me, I gaze down the expansive vista of the future for a generation to come. I see the rivers widening, the lakes and lands, the valleys and mountains blending into a landscape of matchless beauty. I see the sunshine and the shade blending their changeful hues and graces all over the sylvan scene. Yonder the desert blossoms as the rose. Yonder the barren places evolve into fields and gardens teeming with the golden harvest. Yonder the church-spires rise from every hill-top, and the school-houses dot the illimitable valleys.

I scan the scene with keener vision, and behold the Bible and the School-book, the Minister and the Teacher are abroad in the land. I see the millions of happy people according boundless honor to these heroic leaders in this great evolution, this mighty change. I see the jails torn down, the prison-pens demolished. They are not needed here. I see that pestilence stalks no longer like a ghastly spectre through the land. God-given genius and science have swept it from the world. The rose of health is on every cheek, the light of joy in every eye. I hear the prophetic acclaim of the Jewish Shepherds, "Peace on earth, good will to men," rising and spreading, deepening and widening till it covers the lands and the seas. I behold the wand of the Bible and the School-book touching the distant nations and the lower races, and lifting them into a marvelous Christian civilization. I look again and I see in our own heaven-favored land a hundred millions of happy people, blest with the best government, the sweetest peace, the purest culture and the grandest wealth the world has ever known.

Ah! this is no fancy sketch. I seem to see it as in a vision. It is just out yonder in the future before you. When I see around me the art, the science, the progress, the culture of to-day, as compared with their developement thirty years ago, I know that millions of the youth of this land are embarking for the time and the place when all these things will be realized.

It is a voyage, a journey to be taken. The scene lies just out yonder in the future! See the boats and barges, the trains and coaches, the companies and caravans, swarming by thousands to take you! Who will be left? Who will stand still and buffet the storms and bear the stings of ignorance and vice, while the great, grand company of the youth of this

land, with banners flying and music pealing, are mustering like a mighty army for the journey? Young man, young woman, do not be left, I beseech you! Do not hesitate, do not linger! You have no time to lose! I would not have you be rude and over-selfish. In most things, I would not have you jostle or run against other people. But do not be left, I adjure you, by this mighty procession. If you have to jolt some one, or tramp on some ones toes and mash them, or if you have to leap clear over the heads of some of the swaying, crowding mass, and alight where you may towards the front, do so, a thousand times do so, rather than be left! The prayers of parents and kindred and friends go with you. Angel hands beckon you on and stretch forth to greet you.

This Institute, these Schools, the Press of your county, and of the State and Nation, all attest the marvelous march of progress and improvement. Teachers, this work is yours, in a vast degree. How shall you best perform it? I give you these hints to guide you, if to you they shall seem profitable,

POETRY AND ITS INFLUENCE.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I appear in this role to-night, in response to a very cordial request of your excellent Commissioner, for the purpose of reading to you a manuscript poem, very hastily prepared for the occasion, within the last day or two. I do so, more with the view of lending the interest of variety and novelty to these exercises, than with the hope to enlighten or instruct you.

Poetry is far too much neglected by the masses of the people; and I believe it is almost, if not entirely, ignored by the theory and practice of the common school system in Kentucky. It has been my pleasure to attend, as a spectator, quite a number of Institutes; and it has been with regret, if not mortification, that I have seen their exercises invariably close without a single tribute to the beauty and worth of poetry, or a word on the importance of Prosody, that component branch of all our grammars, which teaches the art. Some ancient philosophers intimated that the orator was made, but the poet was born. While this may be true in a vague and general sense, it is certainly subject to very material qualifications. The faculties and functions out of which grows the taste for poetry, as well as the ability to produce it, belong to every normal mind; and, like all other faculties, they are suscept-

ible of varied cultivation, and almost infinite development.

The great group of the percepts enables us to discover and take in the multitudinous impressions from the outer world; Comparison enables us to compare them; Causality enables us to reason from them, and, acting with Number, to carry the process of ratiocination to almost infinite lengths; Benevolence tempers them with humanity, and enrobes them with the mantle of charity; Spirituality refines and moralizes these impressions from the outer world; Veneration hallows them with reverence for the Deity; Sublimity invests certain types of them with the grand, the majestic, the awful; Constructiveness, with its vast inventive and creative possibilities, fitly and harmoniously frames the whole together; but it is the province of Ideality, the sense of the beautiful, the true poetic function, to gather up these incoherent and chaotic fragments, breathe into them the breath of its inspiration and its life, wave over them its mystic wand, and weave them into the gorgeous and glorious frost-work of poetry and song.

Should we not cultivate our Ideality, then? Should we not feed and nourish that organ, the growth of which tends so powerfully to make us happier and nobler and better? And is it not passing strange that in our public systems of education, and in our whole efforts to take in a higher order of intellectual food, and attain a loftier culture, we should forsake ambrosia for the coarser food, turn aside from green pastures, flecked with shade, gemmed with flowers and laved by cooling streams, and be content to graze on the bleak and cheerless moor?

Some sage has said: "Show me the poetry of a people and I will tell you the character and the culture of that people." There is a volume of truth

in the remark. It would be impossible to estimate the influence for good which poetry has exercised upon the human species. Ah! it was the stormy harp of Homer that gave to Greece her Leonidas and his Spartan band! It was the beautiful dreams of her classic poets that inspired the hand and guided the chisel that cut into the mimicry of breathing life, the matchless statues of Apollo and Minerva. It was the æsthetic and artistic numbers of Virgil and Horace that gave Rome her highest polish, and embellished her brilliant Augustan age.

The quantity of the poetry of Great Britain is immense, and the quality unrivaled. And accordingly the culture, the progress of that people, taken altogether, stands without a parallel in the world's history. The caustic and polished Pope, the chivalrous Scott, the nervous Pollock, the sentimental and flowery Moore, the dreamy Tennyson, the matchless "Swan of Avon," the mighty Milton, whose heaven-strung lyre seems almost to have caught the music of the spheres, are even now exerting their wondrous influences for good on every civilized people of the globe.

Indeed, we owe to the British poets much—nay, almost everything—for our own boasted and enviable artistic and ideal culture. In this, as a people, we have been in a measure content to worship at the British shrine. And a feeling of lofty national pride should swell our hearts as we reflect that our own Halleck and Whittier and Bryant and Longfellow and Lowell and Miller and Taylor and Holland have sent back over the wide waters to the dear old mother-land, sweet voices of song not unworthy their grand old teachers.

Geography may acquaint us with the form and the face of the earth, its valleys and mountains, rivers and oceans, its empires, republics and king-

doms; through the medium of astronomy we may gaze familiarly upon the sun, the moon and the stars, and learn the beauties and wonders of the solar system; philosophy spreads out before us its limitless treasures of truth and law, respecting the physical world; history and biography parade before us in one long and grand panorama, the nations and the peoples that have passed away — their governments, their institutions, their arts, their sciences, their virtues and their vices; sculpture, with its wizard fingers, touches the cold, crude rock, and shapes and images of grace and beauty rise up before us, whose supernal symmetry and loveliness we can see and feel, but never, never can describe; painting, magician-like, throws upon the glowing canvas every visible thing of beauty, from the shining dew-drop or lowly flower to the halos of the sunset, the majesty of the ocean, or the gloom and the wrath of the storm; but, oh! it is thine, fair Poesy, to go out, dove-like, over the yet confused and barren realms of the heart and the soul, gather up the scattered and incongruous gems of the Beautiful, the True and the Good, and present to the mind and heart, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, the perfection of every art, the quintessence of every grace, and the glory of the whole real and ideal worlds!

But I forbear. A field opens and widens before me, to explore which, would require too much of your time.

GOOD READING.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS.

It is a matter of surprise to me that the art of reading is so much neglected in our common schools. Indeed, there is throughout the whole country, and in every circle of society, a most lamentable deficiency in this fine accomplishment. I dare assume that good reading is the most pleasing and valuable of all the arts or accomplishments to be acquired in our common schools, or even in the higher schools and colleges of our country.

Reading is the medium through which the noblest and loftiest thoughts and feelings of the wisest and most gifted men and women who ever lived, are brought home to us in all their wondrous tenderness and beauty and power. In this art the voice, the countenance, the attitude, the gesture, the emphasis, the cadence, all combine to thrill us with the spirit and soul of the divinest and loftiest conceptions of genius. No limner can transfer to the spotless page, no painter can throw on the yielding canvas the spirit and beauty of the splendid and sublime effusions of genius so perfectly as they can be exemplified by the good reader.

The tasteful and artistic picture on the page is motionless and dead; the true and beautiful conception that beams from the canvas is silent and still; the crude marble cut by the sculptor's cunning

hand into the mimicry of life is voiceless, stark and cold. But oh! when the breathing thoughts and burning words of gifted genius are reproduced before us, vital as life and true as nature herself, by the good reader, we are lifted into a higher and purer element; we get out from the dross of our human nature; our hearts are sublimated and purified; we are assimilated to the beautiful, the true and the good; and we taste and enjoy the elevated and refined pleasures the mind ever feels in soaring through the loftier and purer realms of thought and feeling.

Shakspeare sounded all the depths and shoals of the human heart. He permeated the whole universe of mind and philosophy. He seemed a link between the finite and the Infinite, up to whose dizzy heights the hands of all aspiring and gifted spirits are forever stretched, but stretched in vain. But, sculpture-like, his inimitable beauties and glories lay cold, dormant and dead, till Garrick and McCready and Siddons "held the mirror up to nature," and wrought into breathing, speaking life the matchless and eternal fruits of his dramatic muse.

Only a small amount of perception and judgment is necessary to discern and realize that the good reader stands in the same relation to his or her auditors that an accomplished actor stands in towards the eager thousands who lean forward to catch from the histrionic master the spirit of the mighty artist. How delightful it is to have wrought out before us in all the eloquence of voice, countenance, attitude and gesture the profoundest lessons of wisdom and the finest touches of pathos and feeling! Through this means Homer's stormy harp may ravish our ears. Through this means Byron melts the heart, and Moore thrills it with all his gorgeous and surpassing sweetness. Through this medium

Bryant warbles the "Song of the Fountain," and Longfellow tunes his harp to the sublime oratorio or life's highest and holiest philosophy.

Good reading reverses the tide of time; it revives the past; it almost resurrects the dead. It restores to us the voice, the look, the grand and glorious thought of the prophets, sages, poets and philosophers of all the past, and gives to their sublimest conceptions a reality, a body and a form. Through good reading we may almost behold the prophet Joshua as he blew the horn around the beleaguered walls of Jericho; and we may nearly hear the deep voice of Hector as the Grecians storm the Trojan heights. Through good reading we may, in fancy, see the wicked serpent as he whispers his dark and accursed sophisms in the ear of Eve in the primal garden. Through good reading we may glow with admiration for the sturdy Swiss patriot as he stands up bold, erect and towering and defies the Austrian tyrant. Through good reading we may kindle with lofty enthusiasm as we behold the brave Fitz-James, the disguised King of Scotland, dare the brutal power of Rhoderic Dhu; and through good reading we may watch Macbeth as he clutches at the air-drawn dagger as he moves towards Duncan's chamber.

Good reading paints to the eye and the heart the fabled Indian maiden in her far-off mountain home, and reveals all the spiritual depth and tenderness of Hiawatha's love. Good reading touches and moves the heart with Rip Van Winkle's sad and mournful soliloquy after his long, long sleep. Through good reading Pharsalia and Bannockburn and Waterloo pass in vivid review before us; and the mighty Cæsar, the dauntless Bruce, and the matchless Napoleon are rehabilitated with plaid and plume and battle-axe, and move before us like em-

bodied spirits of battle. Through good reading the philosophy of Newton and Bacon and Locke, and the evangelum of Bascom and Spurgeon and Talmage and Jones ring in our ears and glow in our hearts. If we have good readers, then Cicero lives again to us, and Burke and Curran and Phillips and Clay and Prentiss speak to us in all the marvelous power and sublimity of their eloquence. In short, the whole treasury of literature comes to us through this medium, embellished by the finest graces of elocution, and enriched by the best and purest conceptions of reality and truth.

BOOKS AND MODELS.

A LECTURE TO THE YOUNG.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

You should never, for one moment, lose sight of the fact that your future will be in some measure what your surroundings make it, and in a still greater measure what you make it yourselves. From your earliest infancy until you are ten, twelve or fifteen years of age, it is the highest duty your parents and teachers owe you, to strive by every possible means to instill into your young minds lessons of piety and moral goodness, perfect honor, sterling love of truth, rectitude of purpose, and a laudable desire for excellence in some honorable pursuit in life.

The dangers that beset little boys and girls in early life are almost beyond comprehension. It is during their tender years that evil associates are so apt to steal in, and, luring the little one from the immediate presence of parents or teacher, implant evil words and evil thoughts in the young mind and heart. The young spirit is like a beautiful page — white, pure and spotless — yet still ready, willing and waiting to receive impressions; and impressions of some sort, for good or for evil, it must receive and will receive. If fair, bright pictures are not painted upon it; if the lessons and lines of morality, honesty and lofty purpose are not engraved upon it, I warn you that dark images will appear, and blur and blot the once fair and spotless page; evil

associations, and may I say even the proneness of our race to evil tendencies, will come into the mind and heart and write and paint on the open page; and thus impressions will be made which only a long life of struggles, self-denial and discipline can in some degree obliterate.

Ah! how many men and women there are in this world to-day who look far back across the gulf of years to the time when evil companions, or hours of idleness, or evil books came in and sowed the bitter seeds, which took root and grew up and flourished too long. Even though in a great measure, time and reason and religion may have rooted out the weeds and brambles, yet the marks and the traces and the memories are still there. Happy the little boy and the little girl whose parents and teachers keep watch and ward over them in their tender years, so that these evil influences touch them not! It may be regarded by the child as a hardship that it cannot select its own associates, and read its favorite books, and attend it favorite places of amusement, and wander where it wills beyond the care and control of its parents and teachers; but when age and reason shall have asserted themselves, the man and the woman will bless the day in which parents and teachers watched after them in their young years and shielded them from the lurking evil.

It is but natural for the child to imitate what he sees; he cannot help it. Richter, the great German author, says: "For the child the most important era of his life is that of childhood when he begins to color and mould himself by companionship with others. Every new educator affects less than his predecessor; until at last, if we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by the nations he has seen than by his nurse." Models are therefore of the

greatest importance in moulding the character and the disposition of the child. If we are to have noble characters we must supply our children with fine models, and keep them constantly before their eyes. Pictures hung on the walls have kindled æsthetic tastes and the love for the beautiful in children, and made of them world-famed painters; good books and good models have moulded young minds to the noble and the good; and to their influences is the world indebted for all, or nearly all, of its great men and women.

You cannot grow up to be good and useful men and women just by chance or by accident. It was not so provided in the order of things. There is a struggle to make, a battle to fight, an enemy to overcome every year, if not every day and every hour. If you are to be happy and useful and successful in the world, your parents and teachers are to do much for you, and you are to do still more for yourselves. If you are to succeed in these noble efforts you must be as industrious and as ready and as persistent as Burns advises one to be, whose object is the accumulation of worldly wealth. He says:

“To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.”

You must have faith and hope and zeal to gird you about and strengthen you in the struggle to root out the weeds of vice, and to cultivate the flowers of virtue in your own heart. You must be quick to take advantage of every favoring wind and tide; and you must be willing to work and delight to work in every direction that speeds you on in your noble pursuit and your lofty aim.

When you shall have grown old enough to read

and reflect, you will find good books of the greatest assistance to you. It is next to impossible for men or women to fail of moral or intellectual success if they shall have spent their youth and early life in the attentive reading and study of good books; and it is utterly impossible for them to succeed morally or intellectually if they shall have read and studied bad books to the exclusion of good ones in their earlier years. There is a kind of charm in print; there is magic in books. Though silent, yet they appeal most powerfully to us; they insinuate themselves into our judgment and reason; they delight our fancy; they touch our heart; and thus they mould us insensibly and imperceptibly to themselves. And I must take occasion here to say that, in my opinion, the very best investment parents can make for their children, and the very best investment children and even adults can make for themselves, is that which is expended in the purchase of good books.

I believe that if each family in our land were the owners of twenty dollars' worth of good books, beginning with the Bible; and that if reading them aloud in the family circle, and commenting on them by parents and children, during the long winter evenings and the hours of rest at noon, and during portions of the beautiful Sabbaths that are too often wasted,—I believe if this was the rule that a mighty change would be wrought in the whole fabric of our society within a generation to come. I know that education would be far more generally diffused; I know that moral rectitude would receive, all over the land, a new impetus; I know that vice would be hedged about and crippled and would have far less room in which to grow; and I know that a wider, nobler and better culture would pervade and overspread our whole country.

But, do you ask what books you should read? Well, the answer to that can only be general. The books read by a young man or young woman should, in the main, be in the line of the pursuit he or she intends to follow. This is the era of cheap books. It is wondrous to think of the immense increase in the number of books, and the decrease in the price of them since I was a youth. Where there was one book in the United States forty years ago, there are one hundred now. A book that then would have cost five dollars you can now buy for one dollar. A book that would have cost you one dollar then, you can now buy for ten cents. When I think of the immense, the amazing opportunities now offered young men and women to become educated and enlightened, as compared with those at hand thirty or forty years ago, I am lost in admiration and astonishment; and I am made to ask: "Will you grasp and utilize these mighty opportunities, or will you let them go unimproved?"

If some of you fail to embrace and make the most of these opportunities, I tell you all will not. The genius of this age, this civilization of ours, is determined to educate. The genius of our institutions, of our people, of our civilization, is growing, widening and expanding. Standing on the mountain-tops it sweeps, with its eagle vision, far out and abroad and a-down the ages. With the mighty Past beneath its feet; standing aloft on the great, grand Present, it seems to gather and focalize the illimitable Future; it reaches upward and outward and far away, and girds itself for a new and loftier flight. Its talisman, its watchward is "EDUCATE." The boy or the girl who fails to catch the spirit of the times, who fails to improve the opportunities offered will soon be distanced in the race of life. The time has been when one with little education,

or none at all, could attain some measure of success in the world; but that time has gone to return no more. Thousands and millions of our youth are pressing to the front in this mighty intellectual procession. They will crowd every trade, profession, avocation and calling; and let me now deliver you the warning that there will be no room in the great future, just out before us, for the man or the woman to succeed, who has failed in youth to improve such opportunities, and who presumes to engage in the life-battle without fitting culture and preparation.

This country of ours and these institutions of ours put a premium on character, on knowledge and on industry. They offer an equal chance, and throw open a fair field to every boy and every girl. Think for one moment how a Divine Providence favored you in casting your lot in this free country — this great Republic. Though but little more than one hundred years old, it is the pride and wonder of the world. How benign, how wholesome, how free our institutions! How vast our country and how expansive and wonderful the invitations and the opportunities it holds out to its children! Although as a Nation, as one of the Powers of the world, it has scarcely doffed its swaddling clothes, yet its cradle extends from Maine to the Rio Grande — from the fruity plains of Florida to Behring's sea; and while one hand plashes the crystal waters of the Atlantic, the other is laved in the sunset ocean. Courage, strength and beauty are in every feature. Pinch the young giant and it does not cry. If foreign governments attempt to starve it by withholding its just nourishment; if they cover it with floods of abuse or ingratitude; if they hide its commercial toys; if they combine against it and shake it with financial convulsions; if they scoff at and scold it, it does not wince, it does not fret, it does not sicken,

Behold our sixty-three millions of freemen, united in the strongest ties of brotherhood, with one hope, one cause and one destiny in common; with their backs turned on the dead past, and their faces to the future; bearing aloft the streaming ensign of Progress and Christian civilization—an example to the modern world, the children of prophecy and the harbingers of the millennium!

It is in such a country and in such an age, my young friends, that your lot has been cast. And in such a country and in such an age and in such a marvelous development you are beckoned, you are invited, you are besought to move to the front. Your state government has provided you the amplest means for acquiring the learning of the schools. Your parents who love you so much persuade you and adjure you to move onward and upward and take a high position in life. It may be little you know of their anxious days and sleepless nights as they think of the future and ask themselves: “What is to become of my dear boy or my dear little girl?” They know if you use well and do not abuse the opportunities presented you will be safe. But well do they realize that if you reject and set at nought the intellectual and moral lessons that are pressed so hard upon you, then the future holds for you no beacon light, no star of hope.

But to return to books: You should read first and read most the Bible, the Book of Inspiration. It is infinitely wiser than any or all other books, because it is inspired. It is a revelation from the Creator to his creatures. It is all truth; it is all wisdom; it is the only infallible and absolutely safe guide to life and conduct. If you fully imbibe one, just one, of its great truths, it will be worth more than all else to you: “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” With this truth in-

grained in the fabric of your young life, and put in practice, you have the key to all success, to all happiness, to all laudable achievement. Without it you are rudderless and helmless on an open and stormy sea. Wisdom of the world alone may bring you the evanescent applause of the multitude; genius that "sudden iris of the skies," may attract the admiration of men; but without the tenets of the Bible as your guide in faith and conduct you cannot be truly happy, permanently successful or nobly great.

You should read biography as much as possible in your adolescent years. Some writer has said that "Biography is history teaching by example." In this field you may trace the careers of the great from the humblest beginnings. Here you have a school in which you may learn to avoid many mistakes, and to seize upon many a favoring circumstance to help you forward in the race of life. Here you will soon learn that nearly all great men and women had humble beginnings. Here you will find that, in the Divine order of things, it seems to have been reserved for the poor boys and girls to lead the world, and to lift up and ennoble the race. Here you will find examples that will stimulate and arouse you until study becomes a delight, "a joy forever," and here you can have companionship with nearly all the great men and women of history.

If you ask for the titles of a few good books I will mention "Beeten's Dictionary of Universal Biography," "Plutarch's Lives," Lossing's "Eminent Americans," "Self-Made Men," by Mr. Seymour, "Brief Biographies," by Samuel Smiles; "The Boyhood of Great Men," Younge's "Golden Deeds," and "Noble Deeds of Women," a book edited by an American woman. Read also the special and complete biographies of any or all the greatest and best men and women, who have, by

their learning, their examples or their works, shed lustre upon our race. And then there are "Thrift," "Self-Helps" and "Character"—three books written by Mr. Smiles—either of which is worth its weight in gold to any family of children. This great author gleans all history for facts, examples and illustrations, in order to inculcate the best lessons in the young mind; and he brings this wealth of historic treasure down to the capacity and comprehension of children, and imparts these great truths in a style the most captivating and pleasant.

It would be a rather unnatural boy or girl who could read a few good biographies and fail to find in some of them a model, a man or woman in history whose character and whose achievements called out his or her admiration, and whom the boy or the girl would be so glad to follow and imitate in life. There is scarce a better method of truly and surely progressing in the intellectual and moral life, than by selecting good models in history and clinging close to them. Indeed, it is more than probable that most men and women, who have risen to distinction in life, have set up to themselves models for their imitation, and closely followed them. Pope took Dryden for his model; and while yet a little boy went into raptures almost, when the great poet was pointed out to him. Milton must have taken Homer for his model. Napoleon took Julius Cæsar for his, no doubt. Edmund Burke was a model for Daniel Webster and William E. Gladstone. In William Pitt, the great English premier, one can trace the prototype of Cohoun, the distinguished South Carolina statesman. And who can fail to note the resemblance between Rufus Choate and John Philpott Curran, or between Bishop Bascom and John Wesley?

Let the books you read and the models you

imitate imbue you with the importance and the power there is in character. Courage, conscientiousness, good motives, a strong will and a serene temper, will soon stamp the boy or the man with character. Such was the character of Washington that his name seemed to have a talismanic charm about it. No other man ever exerted such an influence over the people of any country as he did over the people of this country. This arose less from his genius or his wisdom than from the greatness and grandeur of his character. Pompey, the great Roman, once said: "If I but stamp my foot on the ground in Italy, an army will appear." A historian says that at the voice of Peter, the Hermit, "Europe arose and precipitated itself upon Asia." It was said of Caliph Omar, the conqueror of Palestine and of Egypt, that "his walking-stick struck more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword." It seems from all history, and from all we know and see, that the very names of some men are like the blast from a trumpet. When the Scottish Douglas fell mortally wounded on the memorable field of Otterburn, he commanded his followers to shout his name louder and louder, telling them that there was a tradition in his family that a dead Douglas should win a battle. The troops obeyed, and the terrible name of Douglas echoed and re-echoed far over the field. The opposing forces were panic-stricken and fled, and the clansmen of Douglas were the victors. And thus the Scottish poet has embalmed the event in verse:

"The Douglas dead, his name hath won a field."

But in selecting your models, see to it that in their youth they were steady, diligent, honest and upright. It was a wise man who said: "The boy

is father to the man." A true boy will make a true man, and vice versa. The boy who excels in school in character, perseverance and good behavior, will excel among men in just the same proportion. The boy who is not a guide, a pattern, a leader among boys, is not apt to be a leader among men. Had danger suddenly arisen when Napoleon or Washington or Grant or Stonewall Jackson was among his playmates at school, by common consent, and without a moments hesitancy, he would have taken the lead in meeting and overcoming the danger. If there be in school a good and true boy to whom his playmates will carry their disputes and difficulties for adjustment, he is a great man, a true man, in embryo; and he will make an arbiter and a leader among men. If therefore you would be great men you must be great boys. You must begin now to be great, You have no time to lose. It is nearly, if not quite, too late to begin to be great when your youth is gone, when your habits are fixed and your probation is ended.

Let it be your care in setting up to yourselves models for imitation, to select such only as honored, respected and obeyed their parents in youth, and who cherished their memory affectionately through life. You will scarcely find on the pages of history a man or woman of greatness who did not love and obey his or her parents. "Honor thy father and mother," saith the "Book of Books." There is scarcely one feature in history more remarkable than the almost universal fact that the good and great have loved, obeyed and revered their mothers. It were needless to mention names, for there are scarce any exceptions to the rule. When the great Garfield stood up before thirty thousand people and took the oath as President of the United States, his aged mother, who had watched so ten-

derly over his helpless infancy; who had counselled and encouraged him in his youth; and whose prayers and benedictions had followed him when he went out into the wide world to seek his fortunes,— stood by his side. And the first thing he did when the oath of office had been administered, was to turn and imprint a reverent and filial kiss on the worn and wrinkled brow of his dear old mother, while a nation cheered and applauded.

It is scarcely within the power of any man or woman to repay in a life-time of affection and duty, the love, the care and the solicitude of parents during infancy and childhood. How anxious are parents for the welfare of their children, and how willingly they wear out their lives in their service! How they hope that good may always attend them, and how they dread the evil! And oh! how trying it is upon the parents, when the tender family ties are broken, and the dear boys and girls leave home and hearth-stone, and go out, one by one, into the wide world! Buoyant with life and hope, the boys and girls may treat it lightly; but to the father and the mother it must be a trying hour. Then the dolls and play-houses and stick-horses are no more. The bows and arrows are broken; the bird-traps have fallen to pieces, and the flutter-mills cease to turn in the streams. The boys and the girls go out to try the stern realities of life; and how anxiously the father and the mother watch their career! How they weep at their troubles, misfortunes and failures, if they come; and how they rejoice at their successes, and glory in their prosperity and happiness in life!

My young friends, forget not your parents in their old age. You will never find elsewhere in life such friends as they. Other friends will fail

you, but they will not. If you drift into the ways of folly and crime, and retributive justice overtakes you; if you wander homeless and barefoot and ragged, your mother and your father will love you still; and would nearly or quite sacrifice life to help you and to save you. Think of them gratefully, filially, tenderly. Return to the old home often; talk over the olden times when you were children; renew and keep strong fraternal ties; and you will thus become better, truer and nobler men and women. For I warn you now that the time will come to each of you, if you live to old age or middle age, when you will look back to the morning of life as the dearest, the happiest period of your existence. How I wish I could persuade boys and girls to make the most of their youthful years! When age with its cares, its sorrows and its lessons comes on, you would give a world of wealth to turn back and live again one day of your youth, when mother and father and sister and brother were with you. You will, one day, come to know and understand that your parents were not harsh and unfeeling because they restrained you, and corrected you in your young years; and you will come to know and realize that it all grew out of their strong and abiding solicitude for your own good. The time will come when you will find from your own reflections and experiences that it even grieved them more than you, to administer the stern correction, or to say, "No, no," when you so much desired to do this or that, or go here or there, when they knew it would not be well for you.

My young friends, begin early in life to be good and great; resolve to turn aside from no obstruction in the way; determine to avail yourselves of every means which your State and your parents

offer you, in order to become educated and enlightened, and then to do the rest yourselves; choose good books and good models and follow them; be not content to drowse through life, "like dumb driven cattle," but resolve to be "a hero in the strife;"—do these things, and in manhood or womanhood, your position will be lofty, your life will be successful and happy; and then when the final summons comes you will "go not like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," but you will pass gently to your rest,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."



GEN. WILLIAM T. HASKELL.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF TENNESSEE'S GREAT AND
GIFTED ORATOR.

Popular oratory has, doubtless, for all time, been one of the most potent factors in human civilization and progress. The editor and the orator have gone hand in hand in the vanguard, to battle against error in its strongest intrenchments, to break the oppressor's rod, and to secure to humanity the greatest happiness, the largest liberty and the highest and purest culture.

A little reflection will convince any one that there ever hangs around the great and gifted orator a charm, a peculiar fascination, which renders him an object of interest to the uncultured, as well as to the educated and refined. If one come among us wearing the name and fame of an orator, our expectancy is at once raised on tiptoe, and we are already prepossessed in his favor; when he rises to speak we hang breathlessly on his words; we yield gladly to his spell, and joyfully we follow him, like children, whithersoever he leads us.

There has not, in all time, been a country in which popular eloquence has been more widely disseminated, or in which it has wrought grander achievements, than in the United States of America. It has led the orphan and the poor and friend-

less, step by step up the ladder, and given them niches high up in the temple of fame. It has procured for us the enviable reputation abroad, of being a "Nation of Orators." Its clarion tones have roused our millions to war, when war seemed necessary to maintain the freeman's right; and again its seductive and resistless pleadings have stayed the warrior's arm and called back the "dove-eyed peace." It has woven the inextricable web around the guilty, and sent them to their deserved doom; it has snatched the innocent from the stain of dishonor and the jaws of death; and in our state and national legislatures, it has sounded all the depths and shoals of statesmanship and political philosophy.

Happily for our country, many of the best efforts of our Clays, Websters, Calhouns and Everetts have been preserved. The biographies of these great men, with many descriptions of their elocution and its effects upon audiences, have been preserved, and these must ever prove an inexhaustible source of instruction and enjoyment to the laudably ambitious young men of our country. But there belonged to the last generation three or four men whose magnificent efforts as orators passed away with them, or linger only in the memories of those who were so fortunate as to witness them. Among these brilliant names may be numbered S. S. Prentiss of Mississippi, Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky, and William T. Haskell of Tennessee. These gifted men blazed up in our sky like great comets, illumined the heavens with their splendors for a season, then passed away, leaving little trace of their glories, save in the hearts and memories of those who saw and heard them.

During the presidential campaign of 1856, it was my good fortune to see and hear Gen. Haskell,

the greatest orator of Tennessee, if not the most marvelously eloquent and gifted America has produced. He was at the time one of the candidates for elector for the state of Tennessee, on the Fillmore and Donaldson ticket. He was making a thorough canvass of the state, and receiving perfect ovations wherever he went. The state of Tennessee and the adjoining states were full of his fame as an orator; and when he spoke in the northern counties thousands of Kentuckians poured across the line to see and hear the great man. Vast crowds of people followed him from one country town to another, often in processions and with music, banners, mottoes and transparencies.

It is probable there never was such a display of popular eloquence, or such intense political enthusiasm aroused in any other canvass of a state in this union, unless it was equaled by the canvasses made for congress by Prentiss, in Mississippi, in 1837 and 1838. Those who remember Gen. Haskell's polemic efforts during that campaign, must surely regard them as the most magnificently eloquent ever delivered on the hustings of Tennessee.

I heard him in the early part of October, as I now remember, and in one of the counties bordering on the Kentucky line. I was a mere youth, fifteen years of age, and had gone over from Kentucky with a large concourse of Kentuckians, to see and hear the famous Tennessean. As was usual during that campaign, an elegant stand had been erected for the occasion, in a shady grove, and adorned with banners and devices, and festooned with flowers. All the roads and approaches to the stand were swarming with anxious crowds of people during the forenoon: and by one o'clock the great audience had assembled and become still, and were

waiting with silent eagerness to catch the first glimpse of the great orator.

Presently several well-dressed strangers walked up the valley from the village near by, and entered the long aisle in front of the stand and leading directly to it. Every one at once recognized Gen. Haskell. At least I did, boy as I was. There was a peculiar grace and dignity about him that distinguished him from all other men I ever saw. He must have been six feet and two or three inches in height. He was erect, symmetrical and exquisitely shaped as an Indian runner. His hands and feet were small and beautiful as a high-born lady's. His head was of medium size, but so finely and nobly developed that it would have been the delight of a phrenologist. He then wore his hair rather long, and it was glossy and black as the untamed raven's wing. His features were regular, clear-cut and beautiful as if chiseled by some of the old Grecian masters. His forehead was open, wide and high; his eyes large, dark-brown, lustrous and beaming with coruscations of genius. They seemed to play upon, pervade and mesmerize an audience, until the beholder could have wished to penetrate to their very depths and grow more familiar with the beautiful and mighty soul within.

Dressed always in the finest and most exquisite style, his appearance in the great gatherings of the time, recalled to one's mind the heroes of Scott and Bulwer. He towered in the ranks of ordinary men like Jura amid the lesser Alps. He seemed like some knight of the olden time, who, by some strange revolution, had been lost from the age and the scenes of chivalry, and who deigned to pause awhile, to mix with common men, to lift them to a grander, nobler height, to warn them of an impend-

ing danger, and in some great crises to give counsel and command. To behold him anywhere—in the drawing room, in the social circle, moving among the masses, or amid the lightnings and thunders of his eloquence, in the full tide of his discourse, he appeared like an archangel only a little marred.

When he stepped forward to speak, all eyes were riveted upon him, and breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assembly. Every motion, every gesture, every attitude, every tone of the speaker seemed the very essence of propriety, fitness and good taste. He drawled out no stereotyped apology for being indisposed or unprepared to speak. He wasted no time on dull and worn-out commonplaces. He sought no filagree ornaments to set off his sentences. He attempted no garish periods. But, like a strong man, conscious of his strength, he bounded at once into the heart of his subject. He did not borrow his style or phraseology from the ordinary politicians of the day. He pursued no beaten track. But he seemed rather to cut out a new channel of thought, and to clothe his ideas in a new vocabulary of words.

There was, in his oratory, no straining after effect, no effort at the tricks of the elocutionist. Every look, every gesture, every intonation seemed exactly suited to give the greatest force to the expression, and the clearest and most vivid conception of the thought. There was nothing so peculiar about his delivery as the peculiar and fitting adaptation of every part of it to the spirit of the idea intended to be conveyed. Apparently without effort, he seemed divinely fitted “to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue ’her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his own form and pressure.” As

one who listens to the touching strains of music, is for the time unmindful of the instrument, so his auditors, while continually gazing intently upon him, seemed to forget the man in looking upon the vivid idea, and drinking in the beautiful sentiment, or the grand and overwhelming thought.

Of documents, notes and papers, those favorite and indispensable concomitants of small politicians, he carried none at all. He was gifted with a most retentive memory, and quoted, when necessary, from platforms, messages, resolutions and speeches, verbatim, stating when and by whom the language was used, and precisely where it could be found. At one time he would glide along some line of narrative, or mere statement of fact, as smoothly and beautifully as a limpid streamlet meandering through a flowery meadow. At another moment, and in just the right place and in due season, he would fling at his political foes a touch of his corrosive, burning sarcasm. These thrusts were sometimes so incisive, so quick and so keen that the audience would fairly wince as if touched by the point of some gleaming blade. Now he would conduct his audience through the minutia of a terse and profound argument. All was clear, all strong, all convincing. So clear were the statements, so apt and logical the reasonings, that a child might comprehend them, and grasp the just conclusion.

His wit was bright and keen as a Damascus blade; and when he desired to relax and rest his audience for a moment, he would, with a look and tone and action that could be seen and felt, but cannot be described, let fly an electric spark of humor, and then roars on roars of laughter would convulse and sway the great crowd. Then he would resume the current of his thought, which deepening

and widening as he proceeded, seemed like some mighty river, bearing on its majestic bosom the wealth of all ages, the fruits of every clime, and the very fate and destiny of this great country. Then he would picture, in the most graphic and withering manner, the short-comings of the opposite party. First would come the statement, then the proof, and then the stinging, scathing, merciless rebuke, poured forth in words that burned and blistered where they fell, uttered in tones so stormy and indignant, or hissed through lips curled and quivering with such unutterable scorn, that the great mass of living beings around him would catch the contagion, and almost clutch about them for the brands of battle with which to sweep the imagined miscreants from the face of the earth.

During the two hours and forty minutes which he occupied in the delivery of that speech, he had conducted his hearers through nearly the whole gantlet of the passions. Sometimes his voice had been soft and sweet as the breathings of a distant lute; sometimes as sharp, emphatic and ringing as the clash of a stricken anvil; and again loud and strong as the tones of thunder. Sometimes his unusually expressive face had been calm and serene as a Sabbath morning; again, beaming with the soul of mirth; and yet again, when he launched his thunderbolts of invective against his political enemies, and hurled at them epithet piled on epithet until the language seemed exhausted, his brow was dark and lowering as the angry storm-cloud from which the lurid lightning was about to leap.

But at last, gathering up and concentrating his remaining strength, standing erect, commanding and kingly, his face radiant with high hope and lofty resolve, his bosom heaving with pent-up enthusiasm,

and his voice rising higher and higher with each succeeding sentence, and ringing like the clarion of a Scottish Douglas summoning his clansmen to battle, he delivered the most magnificent peroration I ever heard. I cannot describe it; I cannot reproduce it. Yet fragments of it have clung to my memory through all these intervening years, and they haunt me yet, with their marvelous beauty, like the wandering notes of some long-lost melody.



EULOGY ON DAVID CROCKET.

Hero-worship is as much and as distinctively an element of human nature as pride, ambition, self-esteem, veneration, or any other passion or predilection of our race. Wherever civilization hath set her foot, the matchless pyramid, the moldering cenotaph, the chiseled marble, or the towering monument, attests the admiration of the passing ages for their heroes. From the days of Moses and Joshua, the Jewish patriarchs and warriors, down to Alexander and Scipio and Cæsar and Charlemagne and Napoleon, and to our own Washington and Jackson and Lee and Thomas, genius and courage have ever received their unstinted meed of praise and admiration.

This disposition to honor and extol the heroic in all history is a redeeming trait of our nature. It lies at the foundation of all just enterprise; it may be called the motive power of every chivalrous deed. It has swung the warrior's arm of steel in ten thousand battles for the right. It has inspired the patriot to cut his way through blood and carnage, to victory and immortality. It has kindled the watch-fires of advancing civilization on the bleak and lofty mountain-tops of the frontier, amid the fearful howlings of the wild beasts, and the still more fearful yells of the wilder savage.

The history of no time or country is so abundantly rich and voluminous in deeds of heroic daring

and romantic incident as our own. The tilts and tourneys of the olden knights, the chivalry of the crusaders, the tales of the Scottish border, when divested of the enchantments which distance lends, and stripped of the glamour of romance, are tame and dull beside the heroic deeds of the hardy sons of our own country. The world has never yet, nor can it in the future, present to the chronicler another field, or another period, so brilliant in heroic adventure, as that covered by our own history, from the settlement at Jamestown to the present time. Ah! our youth need look no farther than our own unvarnished annals to find Spartan courage, Roman valor, the hand of iron and the heart of steel.

Take David Crockett, born amid the green hills of Eastern Tennessee, ninety-seven years ago, of parents the poorest and most obscure, but of revolutionary stock, with just enough of the blood of glorious old Erin in his veins to give that courage, wit and elasticity of spirits which afterwards made him famous; watch him as he grows up absolutely without education or the learning of the schools, subjected to the hardest drudgery and toil, yet full of prank and pluck and manly hope; behold his humorous courtship and marriage, as illustrating life in the back-woods; his humble beginning of life's battle in the dense and remote forest, with no friend but his brave, good wife, his axe and his trusty rifle; follow him as he presses westward, hard upon the stealthy savage and wild beast; see him again and again as he springs to meet the red enemy, when the southern frontier is endangered; look at him emerging from the cane-brake, clothed in hunting-shirt and coon-skin cap, and rifle in hand, poor, unknown, unlettered, un-

heralded; see him leap like a young giant, full into the political arena, encounter talent and experience on the stump, and wealth, chicanery and combination in the field, and yet triumph over all, and take his seat in the halls of the American Congress, as the friend, the ally, the pet of Clay and Webster; see him beard the executive lion in his den, for the sake of sturdy, home-bred principle; go with him in his triumphal tour through the New England states and cities; listen to the long, loud acclaim of the thousands that line the shore, as their eyes catch the tall form of Crockett on the deck, as the stately vessel nears the landing at Philadelphia; witness his ovation at New York and Boston and Lowell; recall his glorious death at the Alamo, in defense of the liberties of an oppressed people,—and you have one of the grandest historic figures in American annals.

No other country than this, and no other portion of this than the free, the vast, the boundless West, could have produced such a man. Strong, brave men were they, the hardy pioneers, who drove back the savage man and the savage beast, and planted society and civilization in the western wilds. These were a race of giants! The timid never started, and the weak and puny never reached those stirring scenes, or reached them only to retreat in dismay, to the security and quietude of the East. David Crockett is the best type of the truest, hardest and most heroic of the first and foremost race of modern men. So long as the history of our development and our times shall be read by future generations, the unique, heroic figure of David Crockett will stand boldly and commandingly out in the foreground. No obscurity of birth, no want of learning, no poverty, no opposition, could daunt

his indomitable spirit. He sprang from the bosom of the people, loved the people, and they loved and trusted him, and delighted to do him honor.

The bugle blast of war never failed to reach the ear of David Crockett in his time. "Of such stuff was he made," that the occupations of home and retirement grew irksome and insupportable when the drum-beat called to the tented field. The sight of the painted Indian foe strung his nerves to their utmost tension. The scream of the savage, the crack of the rifle, the clash of the knife, were music to his martial ear. I challenge all comers to name a single man in all our history, whose life presents an unbroken example of loftier courage, nobler daring, or higher heroism than David Crockett's.

In the relations of husband, father, friend and citizen, he was faithful, just, constant and patriotic. As a politician he was the incarnation of honesty,—unbought, incorruptible, and above all price. If a distinguished man who saw him for the first time, would press his way through a great throng of admiring people who surrounded him, and grasp his sun-browned, tawny hand with the exclamation: "Give me the hand of an honest man," how far might one not go in these degenerate days to shake the hand of an absolutely honest politician?

Crockett was not only honest, upright and prolific in deeds of daring, but he was also gifted with mental faculties of a very high order. He was unique and original in all things. His wit was as bright and keen as a Persian cimeter, and as new and fresh and genial as the sunshine of a spring morning. Many of the best and most characteristic specimens of American humor can be found in the life of Crockett. Many of his sayings have become

proverbial,—have grown to be Americanisms. No maxim of Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon or Franklin has been quoted half so often, in this country, as that high device of David Crockett, “Be sure you are right, then go ahead.” The old and the young, the great and the small, alike pause to admire its truthful and ingenious blending of justice, courage and high resolve. When one recalls the career of this man, and reflects upon his achievements and successes, without even the rudiments of an education, he is almost ready to exclaim with Bob Ingersoll, that “Colleges are places where bricks are polished, and diamonds dimmed.”

Again, how popular has been the life of Crockett, with all our people, especially the young! Few, if any, American biographies, have been so extensively sold, or so widely read. How pure and spotless his domestic life! How far he was removed from the vices and debaucheries of fashionable or city life! How innocent and manly his Western sports and pastimes! How the young heart thrills at the recital of his adventures in the deep-tangled forests, his inimitable bear-hunts, his firing Christmas guns, and his feats with the rifle! Indeed, the whole book is replete with a vein of philosophy and good sense, a flowing humor, an innocent, healthy, home-bred, Western air, rarely to be found in books of the kind.

But, at last, in an unequal and unsuccessful, yet gallant contest for a third seat in the national congress, against the Federal administration, and the iron man at its head, against executive patronage, money, popular passion and ignorance, came the crowning act in the drama of his life, the climax of his devotion to the cause of liberty, which resulted in his glorious death. Failing in his crusade against

what he thought political heresies and official corruption in his own land; cast down, defeated, disinherited politically for the time, his warlike spirit turned instinctively to struggling Texas, and he generously threw himself into the breach, where freedom was the stake, and slavery and humiliation the forfeit. Like Ivanhoe at the tourney of Ashby, the patriots were outnumbered, bleeding and pressed to the direst extremity.

He left his quiet home on the banks of the mighty river, and armed and mounted on a fine and powerful horse, he set out on the long, lonely journey, to the seat of hostilities. What a stern joy must have filled his soul as he traversed the dismal swamps and boundless prairies, to strike for the oppressed, to shiver lances with the dark Templars from the land of the Montezumas, led on by the far-famed Attila of the South, and carrying murder and carnage into the homes of his countrymen! Methinks I can hear his voice like a trumpet-call, ring across the southern prairies as he approaches the Texas fortress,—“Desdichado, to the rescue!” Not Fitz-James, nor Rhoderick Dhu, nor the giant form of Richard Cœur de Lion, bore a more chivalrous soul.

It is not surprising that Col. Crockett drew his sword in the cause of the Texans. His great heart yearned for the oppressed in every human struggle. He could not brook restraint or oppression; he hated tyranny in every form and every where. Besides, he had been greatly respected and honored in the high councils of state in his own country. His eager ears had caught the long, loud plaudits of the multitude. The United States resounded with his fame. His name was already widely spoken of in connection with the Whig

candidacy for president. But he was now defeated and cast down, as he thought, by the arbitrary and unscrupulous hand of power and patronage. Borrowing from Othello, he aptly exclaimed, "Crockett's occupation's gone."

It was not for a spirit like his to yield and drivel into slothfulness and inactivity. This champion, unhorsed for the first time, and that, too, as he believed, in an unfair field and by a foul sweep of the lance, at once vaulted to the saddle, unconquered and unconquerable, to dare all comers. Those "piping times of peace" had no charms for him. So with a sad

"Farewell to my country, I've fought for thee well,
When the savage rushed forth like the demons from hell,
In peace or in war, I have stood by thy side,—
My country, for thee I have lived — would have died,"

he turned from his home and his loved ones — the scenes of his former happiness — and cast his fortunes with the struggling Lone Star Republic.

But alas! what cause, what valor can stand against overwhelming numbers, and murderous, brutal force? The swarming thousands of the oppressor's minions closed like a cordon around the beleaguered Texan band. Long and bloody was the unequal strife, and scores of the enemy bit the dust before the unerring aim of Crockett's rifle. And when, at last, the defenses were carried by assault, on the morning of the 6th of March, 1836, and the struggle to the death began, Crockett's voice, above the din of arms, shouted defiance to the foe, and cheered his comrades to the onset. Wherever the fight raged thickest, there was to be seen the tall and warlike form of Crockett, dealing death at every blow. When the slaughter had

ceased, and the smoke had cleared away, and not a Texan was left to tell the deeds of Spartan valor done, Col. Crockett's dead body was found in a niche of the fortress, still grasping in one, now nerveless hand, the bent barrel of his shattered rifle, in the other his huge and bloody knife, and surrounded by a score of dead Mexicans. Grand old hero! Glorious death!

“Like some tall giant on the field of blood,
Undaunted 'mid the gallant slain he stood.
He knew no fear; 'mid danger's darkening storm,
He boldly, proudly reared his warrior form.
His cause — the cause of freedom and the free —
His glorious watchword — “Death or Liberty!”

What has Texas done for those who periled their lives that she might be free? Much for those who survived the struggle, and something for the memory of the many who perished in it. She made some of the survivors her presidents; she sent some to the United States senate, and several to the house of congress; she gave her chief cities the names of others; and she generously provided for the “child of the Alamo.” There doubtless is, and must ever be, in the Texan heart, a deep and abiding veneration for the memory of Crockett; but where is the tangible, extrinsic evidence of it? I beg to suggest to that brave and grateful people, the erection of a monument to David Crockett. Let it stand on the spot where he fell, and where his ashes rest. Let it be laid out on a scale commensurate with the spirit of him whose name and fame it is intended to perpetuate. Let it be broad and high as was his courage and love of liberty. Let its lofty top be kissed by the first beams of the morning sun, and let his mellow, farewell glories, at eventide, rest upon its towering summit. Let

its polished shaft hand down to future generations the blazonry of his deeds—the breath of his spotless fame. Let the Texan youth, the visitors from sister states, the foreigner, stand on the hill, the spot of the Alamo, the Thermopylæ of modern times, gaze up at the graceful column, and read that it marks the place where Crockett and Travis and Bonham and Bowie died. Prepare that consecrated hill to be, what it must eventually be, the Mecca of Texan patriotism. There was Texan independence born. Her spirit of liberty, full-fledged, careering and resistless, phoenix-like, arose from those ashes! The Mexican tyrant, the self-styled second Napoleon, with his murderous hosts of myrmidons and felons, suddenly fell on the Texan frontier like a destroying angel. Her people were reposing in fancied security, when the thunder of the guns at the Alamo awoke them to their danger and aroused them to arms. That dauntless band of one hundred and fifty threw themselves between the invader and his victims, checked his advance, killed a thousand of his hireling host, and poured out their life-blood as a rich libation that Texas might be free.

The name and fame of David Crockett do not belong to Texas alone. His virtues and his memory are a part of the heritage of the whole people of the United States. Tennessee will come like a fond mother and bedew with her tears the soil that drank his noble blood. Kentucky, her sister, will wreath a chaplet to garland his tomb. The North, the sunny South, the people of every state, will generously vie with each other in a laudable effort to perpetuate his fame.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

DELIVERED AT A REUNION, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15,
1887.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am delegated by the committee in charge of this great re-union, and by the generous people of this vicinity, to bid you all a cordial and heart-warm welcome to these ceremonies, to this place and this occasion. If there be a spot in all Kentucky famed far and wide for its unbounded hospitality, and for the generosity and magnanimity of its people, these hills and these valleys make up that spot.

I utter no undeserved panegyric, but only the plain truth, when I say that Indian Creek is but the synonym of all that is manly, womanly, generous and hospitable. Did you ever think of and realize the fact that Kentuckians are the cleverest people in the world? Other states and other sections used to vie with Kentucky for this distinction, but all in vain. The last competitor has long since fled the field; and go where you will throughout the union, or the wide world over, and "Kentucky hospitality" is on every lip, and is proverbial everywhere.

Oh! well, but pardon me! Here is our beloved, dark-eyed sister, Tennessee, radiant in her graces, a gem, a jewel, a very diamond in the coro-

net of states! I do not mean that she is not clever. She is almost peerless in her hospitality, in the beauty of her queenly daughters, and the chivalry and intellectuality of her noble sons. We feel that she is a part of us—that Kentucky and Tennessee are one—and that the unseemly and unnatural line which separates us ought to be blotted out forever.

The surviving soldiers of the 9th, the 5th, the 37th, and the 52nd Kentucky Federal regiments, come to-day, and with pride in the past, with high hope for the future, with charity to all and malice toward none, bearing aloft the olive branch of peace, but not the spear of war—they come to welcome the soldiers of every army, and the citizens of every section to these festivities, to bury all hate, all sectionalism, and to renew and rebind the ties of a sincere fellowship and a common brotherhood, in these glorious years of peace that follow the glorious restoration of the union of these states. Welcome, welcome! thrice welcome, every one!

Let no heart be sad to-day. On with the cordial greeting, on with the social jest, on with the tale of the lonely camp, the midnight vigil, the fearful charge. Let the deeds of lofty courage done by comrades dead and living, on many a glorious field of fight, live to-day in grateful memory; recall them here in reminiscence and in story; but above all and over all, let this day show forth the truth that the war is ended, its hates are dead, and that one common bond of peace and union reunites us all.

Soldiers of every army, the great civil war in which you were actors was not without its solemn and mighty lessons. It taught you and all the country, and every people on the globe, that the great and grand device, “E Pluribus Unum,” is a truth and must endure forever. It brought us the

rich lesson that this union of the many and the mighty states of the western hemisphere—this sisterhood of states bound together for the common weal, the common defense, and the common glory—is, and must be, as perpetual as the rock-ribbed and everlasting hills.

That war taught this country and the world the prowess and invincibility of American arms. When you of the Federal, or you of the Confederate army, with flashing plumes and flying banners and martial music, bore down to the fierce assault in the war-darkened years, you found Americans to grapple you. There Greek met Greek, indeed, and there was “the tug of war.” None of you, on either side, was ever deprived of

“The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

The war taught this country and all the world, that even fighting against each other by the millions, and for four long years, this great republic, the dream of immortal Plato, could not be harmed or stricken down, or hindered in its God-given mission of enlightening and blessing the human race to the latest hour of time.

It taught the lesson that fighting with each other, and for a common cause and common country, as you would fight today, and as you will ever fight, if fight you must, in the future, you may flaunt your starry flag in the faces of a combined world of tyrants, and dare and defy them to touch the hem of your garments. United as we are to-day, and as we shall ever be, no foreign foe can ever desecrate one inch of our soil.

I do not love war, nor do you, if it can be honorably avoided. But just let a foreign foe in-

sult us; let the Monroe doctrine be violated; let our right to fish in so-called Canadian waters be unjustly and arrogantly disputed by Great Britain, that national highwayman, that bully and buccaneer of the ocean; let our ships be ruthlessly searched on the high seas, and it will be a glorious sight to see the old veterans of the North and the South, all under one flag, all wearing one uniform, standing shoulder to shoulder and foot by foot, compact as a Spartan phalanx and terrible as a Roman legion, bear down on the hireling ranks of the common enemy and sweep them from the face of the earth as the autumn whirlwind sweeps the dead leaves of the forest. And so will it be when the test comes.

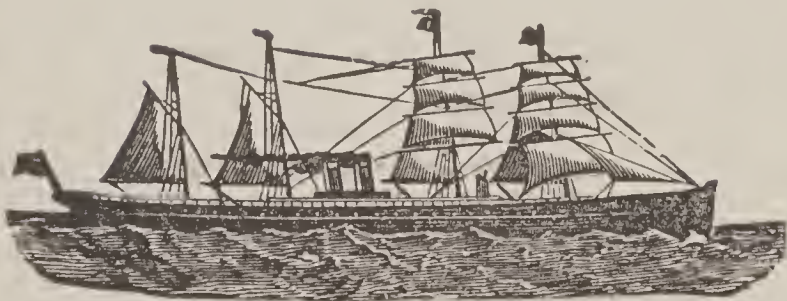
Americans can fight well, and well can Americans forgive and forget. In exemplification of this sentiment, let the soldiers of each army and the partisans of each cause, as they here to-day renew the ties of a once broken friendship, give one tender thought, one tearful memory to the heroes that fell in the struggle.

“ No more shall the war-cry sever,
Nor the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray, ”

But the battle flags are furled; the swords are rusting in their scabbards; the pageant of arms is no more; the mighty naval squadrons that swept the seas have gone to rest on the coral reefs, or they rot and waste away in the harbors; and you, soldiers, rest well in this great calm of peace, after your years of toil and danger for your country. You

have won, and well do you deserve imperishable renown.

.. Volunteer soldiers! America's pride,
Proved in the furnace, in war's travails tried;
Hail and Salute! 'tis a world offers praise,
And peace pipes with plenty to brighten your days."



WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT TOMPKINSVILLE, KY., FEB. 22,
1890.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are assembled to commemorate the birth of Washington, the father of his country. One hundred and fifty-eight years ago to-day, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, not six hundred miles from this spot, was born the greatest man of this country, if not of all time. Every country has its heroic period, and each country, in its hour of peril, has found its man to rise to the full height and measure of the critical moment, and by great qualities distinguish himself, and shed luster upon his country and his time. Israel had its Moses and its Joshua; Greece, its Leonidas; Rome, its Cincinnatus; Russia, its Peter the Great; Germany, its Frederick; Scotland, its Bruce; France, its Napoleon; Switzerland, its Tell; England, its Hampden, and this country its immortal Washington.

It would seem that in the determinate counsel of the Ruler of the universe it has been decreed that the right should never remain continually without a champion and a victor. The arm of power, mailed and bucklered, may spurn justice, and injure and oppress the weak for a season; tyranny, confident, arrogant and brutal, may stalk abroad for a

while; but in the divine order of things the time will soon come when some heroic spirit will rise up, and moving undaunted amid the storm, will vindicate the right, will break the oppressor's yoke, and rescue the imperiled liberties of his people, or give to his country a name and a place among the nations of the earth.

„Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

Nearly four hundred years ago this new world was discovered by Columbus, the daring traveler of the seas. Occasional but fruitless efforts were made, for two hundred years, to colonize it by European powers. At last, about two hundred years ago, the settlements began to take root and flourish; and then, after a growth of one hundred years, there were thirteen weak colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast, and comprising only three millions of people. They were British subjects, and gave allegiance to the British crown. But as they grew and prospered, the mother country, instead of being their guardian and protector, became their oppressor, and put upon the people of these colonies such burdens as freemen could not, would not bear, and yet they were refused representation. They were denied equality with other British subjects, and were required to obey the behests of vice-gerents and governors appointed and sent over by the British crown.

The discussion that arose upon the questions involved between this country and Great Britain brought to the front the best intellect, statesmanship and patriotism of our people. Such men as Hamilton and Madison and Jefferson and Adams and Dickinson and Franklin arose upon the scene, and with a power of logic, an elegance of diction,

and a fervor for patriotism that were never equalled before or since, met and vanished the giants of the mother-land in a war of written words, and the civilized world applauded to the echo. In the Carolinas and the South, Charles Pinckney, with splendid eloquence, aroused the people to a sense of their duties and dangers. In Massachusetts and the North, Warren, Otis and the Adamses, with that fervor born of their Puritan blood, and with resistless oratory, kindled the fires of resistance, and fanned them into a great flame. In Virginia and along the centre, Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Revolution, gave the most powerful impulse to the cause of freedom. His eloquence was overwhelming, his zeal was consuming. He thundered in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and uttered for the first time that slogan of the Revolution—"Give me Liberty or give me Death." Ah! it thrills the blood to hear it, till this good day.

But when the struggle came, all eyes were turned toward Washington to lead the patriot armies. Not that he was a graduate of some military school; not that he had ever been a general; not that he was the greatest scholar, or writer, or statesman of his time; but because he was, take him all in all, the purest, the loftiest, the completest, the best balanced, the best rounded man of his country. At the call of his country his sword leaped from its scabbard, and he stood up like a modern Atlas and took on his shoulders the full weight and burden of the American Revolution. The feeble colonies, without money, without resources, without complete organization, dared to stake all on the effort to be free, and trusted all to the guidance of Washington,

Go with him in fancy through the seven dark and fearful years of the war; behold him at Valley Forge, amid the rigor of a northern winter, with his little band of starving soldiers — without shelter, without food, without clothing; see the deep snow and the cold ice crimsoned with the blood from their unshod feet; watch the great Washington as he goes daily to his devotions, to pray the Dispenser of all human events, for His blessings on his army and his country in this hour of greatest peril and sorest affliction; follow him to Monmouth and Brandywine and Trenton and Yorktown, and you behold the grandest historic figure in American annals.

But when, at last, by the help of LaFayette and the friendly intervention of the French government, the royal armies were routed, and peace, dove-like and beautiful, spread her white wings over the land, a loud, long shout of joy went up from all the people. On the mountains and in the valleys, bonfires and illuminations attested the great victory, the universal joy. The name and the achievements of Washington were on every lip. In dignity of bearing, in spotless integrity, in exalted character, in the esteem and gratitude of his countrymen, Washington stood far above any man of his time. There is no question but that a crown was immediately within his grasp. He could but have stretched forth his hand and taken it. But he was incorruptible and far above such temptation. He assembled his generals and his army, and amid the tears of officers and men, he bade them all an affectionate farewell, resigned his commission, and went to his home beside the classic river of the South.

Called to the first presidency of the new re-

public, and called again to the second term, he displayed a statesmanship and knowledge of affairs that has not been surpassed if it has ever been equalled since. Absolutely refusing a third term, he wrote a farewell address to his countrymen, which for wisdom and patriotism stands the very first of American political papers. Thus finishing his well-rounded and glorious career, he retired to Mt. Vernon where he spent the remainder of his life in the delightful pursuits of agriculture, among his flocks and fields, gardens and orchards. In his splendid eulogy on Washington, Richard Henry Lee said he was "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Edward Everett said of him that "he was the best of wise men, and the wisest of good men."

The fame of such a man belongs not to one country or age alone. There is not a civilized people on the globe but whose children read of Washington, the father and founder of the great American Republic. Wherever on earth the story of our expansive liberties, our marvelous growth, our boundless happiness has gone, there the achievements and the example of Washington are watch-words in every house and every home.

"Immortal Washington! to thee we pour,
A grateful tribute to thy natal hour,
Who strike the lyre to liberty, and twine
Wreaths for her triumphs — for they all are thine.
Wooded by thy virtues to the haunts of men,
From mountain precipice and rugged glen,
She bade thee vindicate the rights of man,
And in her march 'twas thine to lead the van."

Come let us then, on this anniversary of our greatest countrymen, renew our vows of devotion to the Constitution and the Union. Amid these patriotic memories, these touching strains of inspir-

ing music, in the hey-day of our greatness and grandeur—let us here and now, beneath the loveliest flag that ever enriched the sky, reconsecrate ourselves to the love of liberty and the love of country.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.”



ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT A SOLDIERS' RE-UNION AT TOMPKINSVILLE,
KY., SEPT. 18th, 1889.

EX-SOLDIERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The occasion on which you are assembled is a patriotic one. This great re-union is full of patriotic impulses and patriotic memories. It serves to keep vividly in mind the restoration of the American Union, at a time when our sky was overcast with the darkest clouds, and when gloom and fear filled all the land. It serves, also, to commemorate the gallant deeds and the great sacrifices of the brave men, living and dead, who with Roman courage marched down to the red front of battle in the darkest period of our history, and taking up the dear old banner as it trailed in the dust, planted it in the valleys, on the hills and on the mountaintops, where it waves to-day and shall wave forever.

This occasion is intended also to give the toil-worn veterans of the late war, who still live, an opportunity to meet and greet each other another time this side of the mystic river, to renew the dear old friendships of the long ago, and to recount the tales of the lonely camp, the hurried march, and the fearful charge, "When the battle's red glare" painted its fearful pictures on the dim skies above.

It is meant to imbue the younger people—the youth of the land—with that love of country that actuated you, soldiers, nearly a generation ago, when you left home and kindred at the drum-tap which announced your country's danger, and marched like Spartans down to the rescue.

If anything were needed to give assurance of the high appreciation which all the people have of this re-union; if any one should ask for a guarantee of perfect peace and order and decorum here to-day, I could point to that vast array of matronly grace, of maiden beauty, of girlish brightness as an indubitable evidence that all is well, and all will be well. The mothers and the daughters and the children have come from far and near to pay their tribute of affection and gratitude to the heroic men who preserved to them and their children forever the rich heritage of the Constitution and the Union.

All civilized nations, and even the savage tribes, have their festivals, their holidays and their annual gatherings, in honor of some great event. The Jews celebrated yearly their passage through the Red Sea. The Romans celebrated their victories and honored their deities by great gatherings and festivals. The sturdy Scotchmen meet on the field of Bannockburn to renew their love of country and honor the memory of Robert Bruce. The French shout pæans in praise of their new Republic; and well may we assemble to commemorate the deeds of daring done in the late unhappy war, and rejoice in the perpetuity of the American Union.

The war for the Union was in many respects, if not in every respect, the greatest war of all time. There were more men engaged than was ever engaged in any war before; it cost more than any other war ever cost; Gettysburg was the greatest

battle of all time; the glories of Marathon and Orleans and Hastings and Sebastopol pale before the splendors of Vicksburg and Shiloh and Stone River. The surrender of Appomattox vouchsafed greater and grander things to the future of this country, and to civilization in the ages to come, than any other surrender on the face of the globe we inhabit.

It settled and confirmed forever the experiment of self government by the people. Two hundred years ago the governments of earth were a series of monarchies, oligarchies and despotisms. There was not beneath the sun a republic or democracy worth the name. The Bible was not free. Men could not worship God according to His will as they understood it to be; and the Catholic Inquisition, red with blood, aflame with hate of religious freedom, spread its baleful influence over nearly all of Europe. Rank oppression drove men everywhere to slavish obedience to the behests of tyrants, or it drove them to the gibbet or the stake.

But there were even then some sturdy and heroic types and races of men and women who refused to be slaves, and would not "bow the knee to Baal." The Lutheran Reformers of Germany, the Huguenots of France, and the Puritans of England fled from oppression to this new world; and amid the dreary wilderness, among savage beasts and savage men, laid the foundations of free government and religious liberty. But British oppression followed them across the vast and stormy deep, and it took the seven awful years of the Revolution to convince Great Britain and the world that this part of the Anglo-Saxon race was determined to be free.

Released from British control, freed from alle-

giance to any power on earth, free as the winds that sweep the lands and the seas, our Revolutionary fathers determined to keep their liberties, to retain them within themselves, and to transmit them as a legacy to their children forever. They rejected and set at naught the idea of kings, vice-gerents and potentates. Soon after the Revolution, and more than one hundred years ago, the people of this country formed a Union and ordained and established a Constitution which expressly provides that all power is inherent in the people.

The form of government thus made was Republican. It seems to have been a new inspiration in the science of government. The history of the world furnished nothing like it. All history, all philosophy had declared that men could not govern themselves, but our fathers—bold men, true men that they were—dared to put it to the test, and they staked all they were, all they hoped to be, on the experiment of self-government, in which the people are the sovereigns, and the officers the servants of the people.

It would seem that from the first the choicest blessings of Heaven descended without stint or limit on this blessed country of ours. Here the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were secure, and to this favored land came the liberty-loving people from every part of the globe, like pilgrims to their shrine, until this has grown to be the greatest and mightiest of the nations.

But in its hundred years of growth and development our country has had its share of severe ordeals and terrible calamities. In 1812 the British came to our shores and sought again to conquer and humiliate our people. They burned our capital, swept our cities on the southern coast with shot and

shell, till Jackson at New Orleans and Harrison along the Northern lakes, shattered their armies and sent them home in defeat. It was chiefly Kentuckians and Tennesseans that achieved victory for Jackson at New Orleans, and it was Kentuckians and Tennesseans that, under the leadership of the elder Harrison, swept the savage foemen from the bloody fields of Tippecanoe and the River Raisin.

Again in 1846 the dark-eyed templars from the land of the Montezumas invaded our territory and laid waste our settlements along the Rio Grande. Then again the trusty clansmen, Kentucky and Tennessee, sprang to the rescue, and on every field from Matamoros to the Capital City, their gleaming blades and arms of steel dealt death to the cruel foe.

But last of all and saddest of all, in 1861, the vexed problems of state maddened and divided our once happy people. The political sky grew dark; the cloud-born squadrons of the tempest, gathering and thickening, thundering and threatening, rolled up to the zenith, and nearly shut out the sunlight of hope; fear and dread filled all the land; star after star was torn from the cluster of stars; the old banner seemed furled and drooping to the ground; not a breeze from the far south lifted its folds and waved them aloft as an omen of hope. But in this darkest period of our country's history, Abraham Lincoln said, "The authority of the constitution and the laws must be preserved over every foot of territory belonging to the United States." His proclamation called for volunteers to maintain that authority. You, soldiers, responded to the call. You went, and you came not back again until you put the last star in the flag back in its proper place — till every stripe was re-adjusted, and until high

above the highest hills in every state from the lakes to the gulf, the glories of the earliest sunbeams flooded the old banner with streakings of the morning light. Through Tennessee and Alabama, through Georgia and the Carolinas you followed the tossing plumes of Grant and Sherman, Kilpatrick and Thomas, until Appomattox sealed the victory for the Union.

But I tax you too long, and I beg your pardon for only a few more words. I think this a great re-union — great for its patriotic influences, great for the memory it endears, great for the pleasure it gives the old soldiers and their children, relatives and friends in mixing and mingling together once more, and great in the abundance and freedom of the social intercourse it affords all the people.

I even go so far as to think you were more than fortunate in the place you selected for holding it, and I will tell you why. I think the United States the greatest Nation in the world; I think that in this great Nation, Kentucky is the heart and the centre, and the greatest State; I think that Monroe is the greatest and cleverest county in this great State; I think Tompkinsville is the greatest and most progressive city in the great county of Monroe; and I think this is the shadiest and loveliest grove within ten miles of that great and growing city. In short, I think we are assembled just about in the centre of the universe to-day. Borrowing the language of a western orator, I might exclaim: "See how the sky shuts down at an equal distance all around us!"

Again let me say I have reason to be proud of this great audience. For love of country, for intelligence and refinement, for social impulses and capacities, the world cannot excel it. And now as

I gaze up these long aisles in front, and behold the myriad of bright eyes and lovely faces, the wealth of raven tresses and the curls of gold, I think to myself if there be in all this vast assembly an unmarried young man of good sense and good taste, who knows what is best for him, he will surely make the most of this great opportunity. And then I do think if there be on these grounds a single, dreary, lonesome old bachelor, who has plodded on this far in life's journey by his lone self, with

“No one to love him, none to caress,”

who feels that in trying to get through the world alone he has nearly sinned away his day of matrimonial grace,—if there be such a one who is tired and weary with sewing on his own buttons and sweeping the hearth alone, I hope he will take courage, and while the band renders “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” or some other appropriate air, I hope he will traverse these aisles and begin to make himself as agreeable as possible. If he will, I know he will be blest and rewarded; and long before the next re-union he will begin to bless the day that found him at the great re-union at Tompkinsville.

SPECULATIVE MASONRY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT A PUBLIC INSTALLATION OF
OFFICERS OF TOMPKINSVILLE LODGE, NO. 321.

MY BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:

History and tradition fix the origin of our ancient and honorable Order away back in the primal ages, when man, fresh from the radiant Eden, walked in closer proximity to his God, and was subject to theocratic government. It shines out in divine historic splendor from the Jewish Patriarchy, and its mystic rites even foreshadowed the heaven-born philosophy, the tragic death and the glorious resurrection of the world's Redeemer. Its origin among men was in the first throe of sorrow for sin, the first prayer of repentance, and the first hope of pardon for transgression. Its early records may be traced to the offering brought by Abel to the Lord, to Enoch's walk with God, and to the altar erected by Noah to the Creator of the worlds.

At the building of the Holy Temple, King Solomon remodeled and perfected it with his plastic touch, and breathed upon it the breath of his inspired wisdom. Since then, at least, its landmarks are distinct and well defined. As the building of the Temple formed a new era in architecture and Operative Masonry, so also was that occasion to

give a fresh impetus and a new departure to the universe of mind and morals. In the construction of that Temple our Ancient Grand Master followed after a superb ideal that was beyond the finite conception. Its very design set at naught all former rules of architectural art, and stood forth in a sublime magnificence that astonished and delighted every beholder. The Wisdom that designed, the Strength that reared, and the Beauty that adorned that physical Temple did also reconstruct, build up and embellish this Ancient Craft of ours. As the Temple erected by Solomon was the perfection of Operative Masonry, so is our Speculative Temple the perfection of Morality, embracing and teaching the whole duty of man.

Committed to pure minds and faithful hearts, the spirit and genius of Masonry spread from Jerusalem to every civilized people on the globe. Within its charmed circle the wise and good of all nations assembled. It went forth living and to live, conquering and to conquer. Its gentle rays of light trembled through the gloom of Egyptian darkness, and its golden precepts humanized and polished pagan Greece and Rome. Its Eastern Star, guided the pilgrim feet of the Magi to the cradle of the infant Redeemer. It irradiated the night of the Middle Ages, and through a rift of the black billows that shut out civilization from the world, its immortal Light kept streaming.

Speculative Masonry is a complete system of morals, based upon the moral law as drawn from the volume of Inspiration. While it does not claim to be an institution of religion, it is certainly a religious institution. Its very mission is to glorify God, and increase human happiness according to His divine will. The whole fabric rests upon the

Bible as the inestimable gift of God to man. Its object is to learn and love and teach and practice the highest moral and social virtues. It is the mystic fountain where beauty regained her faded form, knowledge rekindled her morning light, and injured innocence found sympathy and protection. It is the haven of endangered virtue and fidelity, the asylum of the distressed, the home of the orphan. It is freedom from physical and mental bondage, and the quintessence of moral, social and intellectual liberty. Its measure is divine, its spirit is love, its Shiboleth is "charity to all." No man, by becoming a Mason, loses any part of his liberty of conscience or freedom of opinion. He is trammelled by no obligation, restricted by no penalties, in the performance of his public or private duties. It does not hinder or embarrass him in the discharge of any public trust, nor does it unfit him for any honorable office. It in no way hampers or directs, or questions the religious or political creed or opinions of any man. In all these important concerns a Mason is left to the suggestions and guidance of his own judgement and conscience.

No other institution can boast of such far reaching universality as this of ours. The sun may be said never to set on Masonry. It has diffused itself around the great globe; it has spread from continent to continent, isle to isle; and as a pillar of fire, its effulgent light has moved in the van of civilization. Even uncivilized tribes and nations of men have caught glimpses of its Oriental Light, embraced its noble tenets, and drunk deep at its crystal fountain. Its symbolic language is universal. At home or abroad, on land or sea, affluent or indigent, distressed or happy, in darkness or in light, we, as Masons, are cheered and encouraged

by the consciousness that a brother knows his brother. As Masons, we can converse and communicate with the subject of any nationality, the child of any creed, the citizen of any clime. Whether we go among the frugal Dutch, or polished French, or dignified English, or sullen Turks, or tawny Ottomen, we are sure to find a brother good, true and tried. Whether we tread on torrid sands or wade through polar snows, we know and realize that the spirit of our noble Order has gone before us, making thousands of brothers and friends.

Those who have studied the genius and philosophy of Masonry will unite with me in the assertion that it cannot be the offspring of the finite mind. Our Ancient Grand Master, King Solomon, was confessedly the wisest of men. To him sources of knowledge were opened up which have ever been hidden from the rest of mortal men. The corruscations that flashed upon his wondrous intellect were sparks from the Invisible Source. In rearing this Speculative Temple of ours, he blent materials from earth and heaven, and while its foundations rest on earth, its Doric columns and rainbow arches stretch away through clouds and sunshine to the climes of the blest. Its sublime philosophy tends to separate the divine element of our nature from the passions and frailties and sins of our fallen state.

As the true Mason mounts the first round of the symbolic ladder he is taught the cardinal virtues—Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice. What a model man must he be who temperately and wisely restrains his affections, passions and appetites; who cultivates that noble and steady purpose of mind which walks boldly in the path of duty, and turns aside from no peril or danger; who regulates his life and actions agreeably to the dictates

of reason, judging wisely, and determining prudently upon all things relative to his present and future welfare; and who circumscribes his conduct by that heaven-drawn boundary of right, which ennables him to claim nothing but his own, and to render unto every one his due without distinction.

Here we learn to appreciate and practice those principal tenets of our profession — Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. How must it bless our race when all men come to regard the whole human species as one kindred family, created by one Divine Parent, and entitled to the mutual regard and protection of each other! Here we are taught that beautiful philanthropy which pities the unfortunate, soothes the unhappy, sympathizes with the distressed, and helps the needy. Here the rough ashlar of our imperfect nature is shaped and fashioned by moral and virtuous education, into the perfect ashlar, a fit component part of that “building not made with hands.”

Still ascending, we discover that Masonry is a progressive science, divided into various degrees, through which the honest enquirer advances steadily and regularly in the knowledge of its mysteries. It includes within its charmed area every virtue and every branch of polite learning; so that the worthy mediocre, the accomplished scholar, the ingenious artist, and the gifted connoisseur may, each and all, partake of its mysteries and enjoy its pleasures. Here we behold our ancient system, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, displaying some of the finest flights of fancy, the rarest gifts of classic taste, and the profoundest results of philosophy and reason. We have Grammar to unfold the beauty and wealth of language; Music to cheer and sooth us, and Arithmetic and Geometry, through which

we become acquainted with the most difficult and abstruse problems. We have Logic to discover and elucidate the remotest truths, and Rhetoric to embellish them with every flower of fancy. From Tuscan pillars and Doric columns our vision wanders heavenward, beholds myriads of revolving worlds, reaches the suns of other systems, and is finally lost in the star-gemmed bosom of the azure.

Higher still, we learn new lessons of wisdom, new motives to virtue, and new rules of conduct. Brotherly love, in impressive fellowship, unites us with its golden chain; the All-seeing Eye watches over us, and we feel that angels will rejoice at our virtuous deeds. The world about us is abounding in usefulness, replete with energy, instinct with life, and crowned with glory and endless progressive development. Here the spirit of harmony glows beneath the touch of the chisel, and the bud and blossom ripen into ambrosial fruit. Through all the intricate net-work of causation, we behold the wisdom and harmony of law—the symmetry and beauty and perfection of design.

Seated on the summit of Ancient Craft Masonry, we realize the striking and sublime morals of some of the grandest types and symbols; we look forward over new and broader fields of usefulness and labor; fresh-blown and fragrant flowers spring up around us; sparks of immortality gleam through the chaos of our fallen state; we grow in Love; we walk by Faith; the veil is rent, and eternal Hope gazes through the fissure upon the fruition of its highest and holiest aspirings. The Bible is the Mason's guide of faith and practice. Rob Masonry of the Bible, and you take from it its vitality and its life. He who believes not in the Living God is not entitled to the honors and privileges of Masonry.

It would be like “casting pearls before swine” to unveil its hallowed mysteries to such a being. The beautiful flowers of our Order could never bloom and flourish in the wilderness of such a mind; nor could its rare virtues ever bear their fruits in the arid desert of such a heart.

In point of morality ours excells every other institution, excepting only the Christian religion. Masonry leans upon that holy religion for support; inculcates its cardinal virtues; rests its faith upon its revealed truth; and it cherishes the Christian’s lively hope of a happy existence beyond the tomb and beyond the skies. All our charges, all our regulations, all our landmarks, assume as a basis that cannot be removed or dispensed with, a belief in God and a state of future rewards and punishments. They all inculcate the necessity of moral purity as a qualification for future happiness. Thus the Free and Accepted Mason, by a proper exercise of his reasoning faculties, may discover in the science a clear indication of the truth and beauty of his religion. He cannot carefully examine any of its spiritual doctrines without discovering that they correspond with those of Christianity, and that they point to the world’s Redeemer as an atonement for human transgression, and to his teaching as way-marks to the climes of the blest.

The great lights of Christianity have entertained these views — among whom I might enumerate John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Husse, Melancthon, Newton, Ashmole, Warren, Dodd, Preston, Anderson and many others eminent for their learning and piety. Such, I would tell the world, are the moral and religious tenets and obligations of Freemasonry — an institution unlimited in number, and diffused over every civilized country

of the globe. Hence it results that to be truly Masonic in the strict sense of the term, is to be truly religious in motive and conduct.

For thousands of years Masonry has linked the wise and great and good of all the earth together in a mystic brotherhood. If it had no other vindication it might point exultantly to the long list of immortal names that shine out in its history like diamonds in a princely coronet. It can boast of its Solomon and its Hiram, of kings and prophets of the Jewish race, of Grecian and Roman philosophers and scholars, warriors and statesmen, poets and orators. Some if not all of the chosen apostles, the heralds of the cross, were Masons. Wolsey and Locke, Wren and Dalcho, Hutcheons and Franklin, Washington and Jackson, Clay and Johnson, blest it with their virtue, hallowed it with their genius, enriched it with their philosophy, or adorned it with their wisdom and patriotism. The wise and good of every kindred and every clime have turned to its ensign of "Peace on earth and good will to men" with zeal as ardent, and affection as pure as that of Persia's idol-worshippers, or Moslem at his pilgrim's shrine.

I come now to its golden charity—a theme dear to every truly Masonic heart. And I challenge any other institution beneath the cerulean of heaven to a comparison of notes with the Masonic Fraternity on the score of charity. I mean not the charity which exists in words and theories, but I mean the charity of deeds. You will observe, my brother, the world will observe, that Masons make no parade about their acts of benevolence. They do not sound a trumpet before them; they scarcely let their right hand know what their left giveth; but steadily and surely their work goes on. They com-

fort the troubled, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, educate the poor. When the true Mason passes to that "bourn from whence no traveler returns," he leaves behind him a monument that the storms of time can never destroy. He writes his name, by works of love and deeds of charity, on the hearts of those who know him, as legibly as the stars appear on the brow of the evening.

The genuine Mason recognizes that none liveth for himself alone. God has written on the blossom that sweetens the downy air, on the breeze that cradles the drooping flowers, upon the stars, upon the sun, upon all the works of His hands—"None liveth to himself." Among us, as Masons, the pole-star of charity beams over the barren earth. Dark days may embitter our lives—days during which we look yearningly into the far corners of the world for a gleam of comfort—when there is not a spark in the firmament nor a ray in the sunless sky; but higher than the leaden canopy, and bursting through the sullen gloom, is the beacon of Masonic Charity. A brother will see our cares, note our oppressions, hear our sighs and pity our tears.

Freemasonry is an institution sui-generis. It is self-propelling, self-perpetuating. The attempts to ridicule and expose it, the shafts of envy and detraction pointed at it, have all fallen as harmless missiles at its base. Every effort to destroy it has produced a contrary effect to that intended by its enemies. The most vindictive and desperate assaults have only enlarged the place of its tents, and stretched forth the curtains of its pavillion. It still pursues the even tenor of its way, and glories in the elevated and unsullied happiness of doing good. It cannot be crushed or annihilated, for it is stamped with the seal of immortality. Its benign

spirit felt the first wants of our woe stricken race, and soothed the first troubled groan that shocked the ear of nature. It has swept through fields of relentless persecution, and tears and blood and blackened ruins have marked its pathway. Royal denunciations, inquisitorial maledictions, political convulsions, foes within and enemies without, have attempted its destruction; yet, over all it has achieved an enduring victory, and to-day its snowy standard waves hopefully over the storms of passion, the couch of disease, and the haunts of woe. It has gazed serenely on the rise and the fall of empires, and chiseled its precepts on the thrones of departed kings and potentates. Its garnered strength has accumulated and rolled on with the ages, gathering and cementing the broken links in the chain of humanity.

The great Temple of Solomon, that union of all that was wise in design, all that was cunning in workmanship, all that was picturesque and gorgeous in beauty, crumbled to dust thousands of years ago; the Colossus of Rhodes has been crushed by the earthquake's giant tread; the Labyrinth at Psalmetichus is a heap of shapeless ruins; the sullen spider weaves his web in its marble halls, and the wild beast ranges through its deserted chambers and broken arches; the moth of time is eating and consuming the monstrous Pyramids themselves; Greece, the mother of learning, the cradle of arts, the nurse of arms, sprang into being like a fairie of the sea, dazzled the world awhile with her splendor, and died by the hands of her own degenerate sons; Rome, the seven-hilled city, rose and flourished, and fell — fell a victim of her own internal profligacy and corruption; the Dark Ages, like a holocaust of ruin, swept over the world, leaving in their pathway

the wreck of crumbled thrones, broken sceptres, and ruined empires, from whose bloody and burning debris has sprung the genius of a higher and nobler civilization; wars have desolated our earth; good and evil have whirled and shifted in the mazy dance of time; sovereigns have fallen; princes have become plebeians, and plebeians, king; and yet through all these chequered centuries, through all the freaks of change, through all the shocks of time, the genius of Freemasonry has looked down, serene, dove-eyed and beautiful—above the storm, impervious to change, snatching life from death, hoping in the midst of despair,—and gathered strength and vitality from every hoary century that has rolled away. Its benign spirit

“Runs through all space, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

Decay's effacing fingers can never touch its hallowed vesture. When the last shock shall come to bury the nations in one universal heap of ruins, Masonry will then be found sustaining with its liberality, warming with its love, and blessing with its charity, every tongue and every people. But even then the spirit of our institution cannot be extinguished. Above the wreck of matter and the crash of desolving planets, out of the smoke of annihilation, its seraphic Genius, immortal and indestructible, shall rise, Phœnix-like, and soar away triumphantly to the bosom of its Father and its God.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

DELIVERED AT THE RE-UNION OF THE 9TH KY., VOLUNTEERS, INFANTRY, AT FOUNTAIN RUN, SEPT. 18, 1885.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I esteem it a very high honor to have been selected by the committee in charge of these ceremonies to welcome this immense gathering of ex-soldiers and their friends. To appropriately speak the words of welcome to this great assemblage—made up as it is of the patriotism, the culture and the refinement of Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee, as well as so many distinguished ex-soldiers and citizens of other States,—would require an eloquence of which I am not the master.

But in another sense it may be more fit and appropriate that I should bid you welcome. I have the honor and pleasure to know the people for whom I speak. My infancy and adolescent years have been spent among them. The people of Fountain Run and vicinity, the people of Western Monroe county, the people of Eastern Allen county, and the people of Macon county, in Tennessee, our sister State, were the companions of my youth, and have been the friends of my riper years. I know them well and have known them long. You may

start out from the centre of this thriving village, and go ten miles around in every direction; you may traverse the hills and valleys; you may visit the mansions, the cottages and the cabins, and you will find in your circuit as much true manhood and womanhood, as much zealous patriotism, as much flowing courtesy, and as much genuine and generous hospitality to the square inch, as can be found in an equal space on the globe we inhabit. In the name and by the authority of such a people as this, and in the name of the survivors of the gallant old Ninth Kentucky Regiment, I welcome the citizens of every State, and the soldiers of every army to this place and this occasion.

Ladies, I cannot proceed further without paying to you the compliment you deserve to-day. I remember the great poet Burns intimates that Nature was an apprentice when she made man, but a finished workman when she made you:

“Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the woman.”

You have been in every civilized age and country, and you are in this age and this country, regarded as the crowning piece of Nature's workmanship. Without you in the beginning, the earth was a waste and a desert; the beams of the new-made sun were pale and wan; the hills were bleak, and the valleys were dark as the groves of fir on Huron's dismal shore. I think the Creator must have looked abroad over the earth and seen the loneliness and felt the want of all nature for something higher, nobler, purer yet—some queen to wave over the barren world the genetle sceptre—and that then and thus He conceived the immaculate, the supreme idea of woman, and at once she sprang into life and being at the touch of his plastic hand.

“The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.”

You, ladies, are indispensable to an occasion like this. Your very presence insures peace and good order. You show by your coming your willingness to contribute light and joy to this vast audience in a social sense. You evince by your presence the interest you feel in the welfare of your country. You manifest the fact that you remember the dark days of the late unhappy civil strife, that you have not forgotten the perils it threw around our institutions, the sorrows, the blood and the treasures it cost our country, that you cherish fondly and tenderly the memory of those who perished in the struggle, and that you honor and applaud the brave and generous men, war-worn and battle-scarred, who survived the dread conflict, and who meet here to-day, from far and near, to renew the ties of former friendship, to grasp the hands and look into the faces of their comrades in arms, and to recount the “battles, sieges, fortunes that they’ve passed.” To you, ladies, we extend a heart-warm welcome.

Since the foundation of the government there have been in this country, diverse views and theories as to the nature, scope and meaning of the Federal compact. The existence of these different views and opinions is distinctly traceable in the convention that formed the Federal constitution. This difference among the statesmen of that time as to what was or should be the nature and extent of the compact, had much to do with the formation and alignment of parties during the two administrations of Washington; one school of politicians and statesmen holding and teaching that the constitution of the United States was only an obligation, a com-

pact, made and entered into by sovereign States; that it was not, of necessity, perpetual, that it could only exist upon the will of the sovereign States concerned, and that any State feeling aggrieved, or understanding that her rights were endangered by the operations of the Federal government, might withdraw from the Union; and, the other school of statesmen and politicians believing and teaching that the constitution of the country and the Union of the States was "ordained by the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," and that the Union was intended to be, and must be perpetual.

There can be no doubt that the institution of slavery had much to do with developing and fostering the doctrine of State sovereignty in this country. An "irrepressible conflict" had been waged for half a century between freedom and slavery. Patriotic public men from the North and from the South, saw the danger to our institutions from this agitation, and by wise compromises and generous concessions, the evils were momentarily averted, and the inevitable catastrophe postponed for a time. But like the pent-up waters that seek irresistibly an outlet, this agitation went on, growing and increasing with the lapse of years. For more than three decades the advocates of slavery and State sovereignty, under the superb leadership of Mr. Calhoun, had confronted their opponents in the halls of Congress in splendid intellectual combat upon these vast problems of State. In the lead of the opposing forces stood that Ajax Telemon, that Hercules of debate, that matchless philosopher of

government, Daniel Webster. Ah! that was a battle of giants. But it settled nothing; and at last, in 1860-61, on the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, eleven of the Southern States withdrew from the Union, established a separate government, organized immense armies, and sought to annul the constitution and the laws.

It was thus that these vexed questions in the hands of the politicians and partisans of the country, in their mad strife for supremacy and power, brought the people of the United States into a great civil war. And just twenty-four years ago this great Republic of ours, at once the pride and the hope of the liberty-loving people of all the earth, stood trembling on the brink of dissolution and ruin. Theories had failed to save the country, parties had failed, statemanship had failed, and reason and remonstrance had failed. Those were days of awful dread and appalling danger. The cheek of patriotism was white with fear. Tottering age, sturdy manhood and prattling infancy stood appalled in the gloom of that awful hour. The oppressed and down-trodden stranger from a foreign shore, gazed out over the waste of waters, and beheld the beacon light of our nationality burn dim and low as the tempest gathered, and hope died out in his heart. The old-world despotisms grinned in horrid glee at the perils that environed us, and laughed in fiendish triumph at our calamity. The murky billows of disunion and anarchy had rolled over and submerged every barrier, every shield of our institutions save one, and that last defense, that last great break-water was the prowess, the patriotism of the great masses of the people. In the dread darkness of that hour, when all, all seemed lost, you, soldiers, sprang to the rescue, at your

country's call, with as much alacrity, as fearless step and dauntless eye as ever distinguished Scottish clansman as he bounded to the side of Marmion or Douglas or Rhoderick Dhu. From the farms, the fields, the store-houses, the factories, the work-shops; from the hills and vales and mountains and far-off prairies, came the toiling millions to lift up the tattered and trailing banner, to plant it again on every height and battlement from the lakes to the gulf, to unfurl it again in every breeze, and to send it fluttering and flashing over every sea to earth's remotest bounds, as the emblem of the freest, the noblest and the bravest people the world has ever known.

The Ninth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers Infantry, under whose auspices this reunion is held, was in part, recruited at camp Anderson, seven miles east of this place. Hundreds of you remember to have seen the dense blue columns of smoke rise curling and spreading away on the upper air, one autumn day, twenty-four years ago, as the flames devoured camp Anderson. The Confederates, under Col. Sidney Stanton, having heard, as I suppose, that the boys of the Ninth had evacuated the camp and marched to Columbia, came over the line and set fire to the camps. These were the first Confederate soldiers that invaded this portion of our State.

The Ninth was organized under Col. Ben. C. Grider at Columbia, Kentucky, and was mustered into the United States service on the 26th day of November, 1861. Having been attached to the 11th Brigade of the Department of the Ohio, commanded by Gen. Boyle, the regiment marched with the army by Bowling Green and Nashville and Columbia, Tennessee, to the world-renowned field

of Shiloh, and there received its first great baptism of fire and blood in the service of its country. The Ninth then marched with the army to Corinth, and after that place was evacuated advanced to Battle Creek, by way of Rienza, Iuka, Huntsville and Stephenson. From Battle Creek it went with the army in pursuit of Bragg to Mt. Vernon and Wild Cat and Crab Orchard and Somerset, in Kentucky; thence back to Nashville and Murfreesboro, and on to Chattanooga; thence to Dandridge and Knoxville, East Tennessee, and thence to Atlanta and to Jonesboro, Georgia.

Its marches and counter-marches strung out would make a distance of more than four thousand miles traveled during the war. It was mustered into the service with 930 men, and by recruits and transfers afterwards, it reached the number of 1135. Of this number 57 were killed in battle, 251 discharged, 158 transferred and 252 died. Some were captured, some missing, and when at last the war drum ceased to beat and peace returned, there were left of this heroic legion 331 men, rank and file, who were mustered out at Louisville, 15th of December, 1864.

The Ninth was among the most distinguished regiments in the army of the Cumberland, and was the subject of repeated praise from the department commanders. This Regiment, with many other Kentucky Regiments, surviving members of which are here to day, was engaged in fifteen pitched battles and hundreds of skirmishes. Your muskets pealed and your bayonets flashed at historic Shiloh. You bore down upon and routed the gallant foemen at Stone River. You scaled the heights of Missionary Ridge, and planted the old flag on its topmost peak at last. You saw the far flash of

the "red artillery" at Pickett's Mills and Lovejoy Station. With bayonets fixed and dauntless tread, you climbed the rugged steep of Kennesaw Mountain, while it shook amid the throes of battle. Your guns thundered around the beleaguered walls of Atlanta and it fell. And you swept down like a whirlwind to the "red front of battle" on the immortal field of Chickamauga, amid the storm of shot and shell, till loud and long the victor-shout rolled over the sanguinary field.

Soldiers of the Ninth, there are many memories of the long, weary marches, of lonely nights when the earth was your bed, and the sky your covering—memories of battle-scenes and tragedies, that are engraved on your minds above the tide-mark of the Lethean wave. You will not, you cannot forget them. Perhaps some of you saw the gallant Hagan fall at Adairville, or Short, or Fuls at Kennesaw Mountain. Possibly some of you saw Pipkin or Faulkner or Walker or Pitcock stricken down at Shiloh. There may be some comrade here to-day, who bore the dying Holland, Star or Mayhew from the hard-fought field of Pickett's Mills. Some of you may have seen Dixon or Buchannan fall at Chickamauga. Perhaps some of you bore the dead or dying body of Bray or Tooley or England or Borden or Jenkins or Murphy to the rear, when the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled over the awful field of Stone River.

A few veterans of the famous Twenty-first Infantry, are with us to-day. It was among the most conspicuous of Kentucky Regiments for its activity and gallantry. It received the highest encomiums from its department commanders, one of whom said in a report that the members of this Regiment throughout the war "exhibited the high-

est qualities of the soldier." At the expiration of their three years' term of service, nearly all of the Regiment re-enlisted and became veterans in the service, thus showing the courage, the persistency and the patriotism of its men. As long as the fame of Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Resaca, Pine Top, Atlanta, Jonesboro and Franklin remains, the heritage deserved and won by the Twenty-first will continue to flash out on the historic rolls of the State as part and parcel of its brightest glory.

Here are survivors of the Thirty-seventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry. It was largely made up of the young men of the Central and Southern parts of the State, who grew into manhood during the first year or two of the war. They were as gallant men as ever waved a plume, or bore the warrior's mail. Led on by its chivalrous officers, Hanson, Martin, Stone, Chinnowith, Strange, Roark, Middleton, Read and White, it fought predatory bands all over the State. It encountered the great cavalryman, Gen. John H. Morgan, at Cynthiana and Mount Sterling, and it bore a prominent part in the desperate engagement at Saltville in West Virginia.

Here, also, are representatives of the famous old Fifth Cavalry, mingling with their old comrades, and renewing the friendships formed in "the times that tried men's souls." Soldiers of the Fifth, your history is full of glorious deeds from the first to the last of the war. You fought like Trojans at Gallatin, at Monroe's Cross Roads, at Adairville, at Sweet Water and at Millen's Cove; and besides you share in all the fame and glory of Sherman's march to the sea.

Scattered here and there in this great gathering are to be found a few battle-scarred veterans of the far-famed Wolford Cavalry. Among Kentucky

troops, they were first to respond to the clarion of their county, and they were among the last to leave the service. The First Cavalry traveled as far, rested as little and fought as hard as any Regiment in the Federal service. The old "Mountain Eagle" and his brave and trusty followers swooped down upon the enemy at all odd and unexpected times and places. They destroyed his wagon trains, tore up his railroads and bridges, devoured his pickets and foraging parties, captured his supplies and cut up the flower of his troops in more than one hundred battles and skirmishes.

You old veterans saw Wofford and Adams and Helveti and Drye and Coffee and their men ride fast and furiously upon the ranks of "foemen worthy of their steel" at Mill Springs and Knoxville and Dalton and Shiloh and Lost Mountain. And you were with the dashing and dauntless Adams when surrounded at Hillsboro, and his superior officers surrendering, he refused to sheath his sword or lower his plume. You heard his trumpet voice resound far over the field, calling on all to follow who had rather die than surrender. You all followed, and you saw the fiery circles of his gleaming battle-blade in the van of the intrepid host, as you cut the long wide lane through the surrounding ranks of the foe.

But more than twenty years ago the bugle-blast of war died away on the field of Appomattox, and the curtain fell to rise no more on the long, dark drama of blood and tears. The two great problems of State that could never be settled short of the stern arbitrament of the sword, were settled forever, and they sleep henceforth in the tomb of the Capulets. The clangor of arms is heard no more in the land. The smoke has drifted from the

scene, and "burnished sword and bayonet" lie rusting where, in the long-gone years, they dripped with the life-blood of as knightly men as ever summoned foe to battle.

But alas! when "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," and dove-eyed peace resumed her reign, the whole land was rent with woe and mourning for the thousands of patriot husbands, fathers, sons and brothers who went forth to battle and returned no more. They gave up their lives for their country. Their graves are scattered from the broad Potomac to the turbid waters of the Rio Grande. On the rolls of their country's history their names are cut with diamonds and wreathed with sunbeams; and their memories live and flourish fresh and green in the hearts of their countrymen, their friends and their comrades in arms.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Time and reason and humanity have done their blessed work. We stand here to-day, twenty years after the war, amid this vast and joyous throng, beneath the white, the outspread wings of peace, and we rejoice to know that the antipathies and animosities born of the war have passed away and gone forever. The more we gaze back at the great struggle in the calm, dispassionate light of history, the more we realize that the Southern soldier was fighting for his convictions, his faith, his section, and for the idols of his home and his household. Softened by the distance of the long look back, saddened at the memory of blackened fields and ruined homes, mindful that his cause was lost, and remembering

his Spartan courage on every field, the Federal soldier forgets the asperities of the past, and thus the enemies of the olden time become the friends and brothers of to-day.

There is no question about Union and Disunion now. It was all settled twenty years ago. There is no "bloody chasm" to be bridged. Long years of peace have filled the chasm, and we walk to-day in firm paths where the cleft once yawned, and pluck the sweet flowers that have sprung up by the wayside. We are all Americans; all claim the same banner, and all love the same land. And I believe if this country should be threatened by a foreign foe, or the flag be insulted, that from the far-off savannas of Texas, to the rice-fields of the Carolinas, the Confederate soldier and his sons and grandsons would come sweeping to the rescue, and side by side with you and your children on the tented field, would sing Hail Columbia and Dixie and Yankee-Doodle beneath the grand old flag, and that they would strike for the country with a devotion as warm and a courage as lofty as the hero-sons of the colder clime.

And now in closing, and speaking for the soldiers and citizens of the North and South alike, I do invoke on our reunited country the choicest blessings of heaven. Land of Providence, Refuge of Freedom, Child of Prophecy! we all hail thee and bless thee to-day! Cradled in thine infancy along the wild wilderness that skirted the shores of the New World, with the bleak winds and the hoarse ravings of the sea thy weird, stern lullaby; breaking the despot's chain and shattering his yoke while yet in thy childhood; stumbling sometimes over new and unsolved problems of government; but rising from every fall like a young giant; plunging

through the maelstrom of a civil war whose battle-fields dimmed the luster of Austerlitz and Gena and Waterloo, but emerging from the vortex blazoned with glorious deeds and crowned with the fame of Lincoln and Grant, Lee and Sherman, Stephens and Garfield; coming forth from the wreck and ruins of the strife like a Phoenix from her ashes, and rising to grander heights and nobler achievements than ever dreamed of before; the Pride of the People, the Hope of Humanity, the Wonder of the World!—we all bless thee to-day, from the frozen lakes to the sun-kissed waves of the Southern Gulf. “We bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!”

Glorious United States! When the last hour of recorded time shall come—amid the throes of a dissolving world, may the American Union and the Constitution be seen towering sublime, above the consuming elements, “like the last mountain in the deluge, majestic, immutable and magnificent.”

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE OF MON-
ROE COUNTY, KY., AUG. 11TH, 1875.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

You will pardon me if, while I speak to you of intellectual culture, I should mingle with the humble fruitage of many years of patient thought, an occasional flower, or embellish now and then with a fancy touch, the staid and sober reasonings, which, in a measure, the subject and the occasion seem to demand. If in the material world we are scarcely more delighted with the substantial value of the fruit, the sweetness of the vintage, than with the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, then we may not inappropriately conclude that the sterner and more didactic trains of thought may, here and there, be garnished with an æsthetic pearl, or trellised with an occasional tendril, or festooned with flowers gathered from the ideal world.

In treading as I do with unsandaled feet, the mazes of this hackneyed theme, and seeking to kindle a few pale watch-fires along the headlands of intellectuality, you will scarce expect me to find many virgin recesses, or discover many ungathered jewels; because the statesman's pen, and the tongue of the orator, and the poet's harp have, for a thousand years, been culling its fruits, plucking its flow-

ers, and waking its sweetest spell of melody. To-night it is my lot to follow in the path of cultured genius, to wander in a field from which the harvest has long been gathered; and, hence, an effort of mine to wreath this topic with original beauties, would be like seeking for gems in an exhausted mine, or diving beneath "Omen's green waters" for pearls brought up in the years that have gone.

I assume in the outset that the beautiful, the useful, the honorable and the good, are things most pleasing and desirable in this world. Beauty is the graces and proprieties which please the mind or the heart—an innate, ethereal spirit that pervades the universe—a something that was left us of the primal Eden. Usefulness needs only to be mentioned to be appreciated for its own intrinsic worth. Honor is that which rightfully attracts esteem; it is excellence of character, high moral worth, manly virtue.

" 'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense,
Suffered or done."

And goodness or virtue is that redeeming principle of our nature without which we could not serve our God or our country, or be happy ourselves, either in this life or the life that is to come. These things are preeminently desirable because they are the infallible sources of our usefulness and happiness here, as well as of our felicity in the future state. As we gaze with rapture upon the shadowy and variegated landscape; or look away upon the halo-glories of a gorgeous sunset; or listen, spell-bound, to the concord of sweet sounds; or sit down with Milton or Shakspeare, to taste and enjoy his ineffable sweets and beauties; or revel in the world

of taste and fancy,—we may justly attribute all we feel or enjoy to our sense of the beautiful. From such pleasures, together with conscious usefulness, honor and goodness, must be derived our temporal happiness, as well as that lively hope of immortality which reaches beyond the Stygian river, and is anchored amid the splendors of the Better Land. And it is equally true that there can be no just and lasting fame which does not rest on the Tuscan pillars of usefulness, honor and virtue. It will be my object to-night to show you by an inductive method of reasoning, that these things may be attained by intellectual culture, and that without it, they cannot be expected or even hoped for.

Without culture, without work, without a conformation to the intellectual and moral laws of our being, there can be no beauty, no usefulness, no fame, no happiness. These are all things of the mind; they exist in the mind or the heart. They are metaphysical or psychological substances, not material. Let me elaborate this thought. The rude highwayman, or the heartless brigand, could kill and rob the way-worn traveler, and laugh over his ill-gotten gains; but you would rather wander a blind, barefooted beggar over all the world than do such deeds. The wild, uncultured savage, although endowed by nature with passions, thoughts and feelings like to our own, could murder, in cold blood, defenseless, helpless women and children, and join in the horrid war-dance around their bloody scalps, while you would weep tears of wormwood to even witness the shocking scene. Whence comes this difference? It comes from the mind and heart, and results solely from difference of culture.

Gaze, if you will, upon the canvas o'er which Raphael swept his immortal pencil! What a troop

of glorious fancies must stream over the soul ! But remove the light, or close your eyes, and there is no such thing as beauty there, unless it is the beautiful memory. It cannot be that there is abstract, intrinsic beauty in the paint, the oil and varnish,—in the delicate blendings of the purple and green, and blue and gold, and light and shade; for many persons have admitted that they could not distinguish one color from another, and yet their optics were as perfect as ours. The mellow music-tones that enrapture you, would fall like harsh, discordant sounds upon another's ear; because those have lived and do live, who did not and do not appreciate or enjoy music. Go stand upon the brink of Niagara, and behold its oceanic flood as it plunges into the yawning abyss below ! A feeling of awful sublimity will electrify your very being. But the sublime is not in the noise or the spray or the water. It is rather in the mind, and is aroused into vigorous action by the stupendous and awful scene.

Usefulness is an intellectual quality, and an intellectual element. Its origin, its source, its seat is in the mind; although it may operate through the organism of the body. The patient, toiling son of science, who denies himself the comforts of life, spurns the witching voice of pleasure, disdains the siren song of ease, and wears out his life in discovering and revealing the mysteries of mind and matter, the splendors of art, the glories of nature,—owes all that he is and all that he does, to that hidden flame of thought, the immortal mind. The farmer in his field, the blacksmith at his anvil, the merchant at his counter, the professional man at his desk, the artist in his studio, each and all are guided at every step by cultured thought. Take, if you please, the rude block of marble, but recent-

ly unearthed from an Italian mountain side. Behold it, a rugged, shapeless mass of stone! But when touched by the artist's skillful hand, and cut and chiseled and fashioned after the beautiful ideal in the sculptor's mind, it speaks in voiceless language, a truth that cannot be uttered, and glows with the witchery of unwonted beauty. The time-worn cenotaphs that gem the eastern classic-land, are but so many monuments to cultivated Grecian and Roman taste.

What is it that inspires the hero of an hundred well-fought fields, with Freedom's battle-flag in his strong right hand, to break the captive's chains, to crush the despot's throne, and tread his way through blood and carnage to victory and immortality? Is all this mere brutum fulmen? It cannot be! But such deeds are rather the offspring of the great soul within,—the reflection, the outward expression of inbred heroism. It may not only be said that such deeds emanate from the mind, but it may be safely assumed that the mind alone can appreciate them, and that the extent of appreciation must bear a just proportion to the degree and kind of cultivation. Take, for instance, the battle of Waterloo, as portrayed by the graphic and brilliant Headley. Imagine on the one side nearly all of mighty Europe combined, with all her wealth and talent and numbers, arrayed for the last decisive struggle. On the other, war-worn, impoverished France, headed by the once poor, little, obscure Corsican boy—the charity-scholar at Brienne, and then but lately let loose from Elba, his ocean prison. Behold the first Napoleon as he rides the field, an embodied spirit of battle—a war-king throned above all others, and once again in his native element! Regiments, battalions, divisions follow the wave of his hand,

the nod of his head. They separate, reunite, and close up for the fearful onset. And just as the earliest rays of the summer sun gild the verdant plain, the embattled hosts sweep down to the dreadful harvest of death. They shout their battle pæans, which mingle with the strains of martial music, and cheer them on to the bloody work.

“Arms on armor clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise.”

The tramp of charging squadrons, the peal of musketry, the roar of cannon shake the earth around. Friend and foe, dead and dying, lie heaped and pent together. The sun looks down from the zenith, and still the equal conflict rages. The eve steals on apace, and still no ground is lost, no ground is won. Victory trembles in the balance! The decisive moment has come! The French Old Guard has been kept in reserve to strike the final, triumphant blow, and turn the scale. One wave of the Emperor's hand, and that living mass of valor sweeps like an Alpine avalanche down the battle-scarred plain, while above the clang of arms is heard their fearful battle slogan — “Vive la Empereur.” The tall, white plume of Marshal Ney, “the bravest of the brave,” is dancing like a thing of life in the van of the host. The eyes of the Emperor follow that waving, tossing plume; and as it flashes through the smoke of battle, he seems to see the star of his destiny again in the ascendant. The allied armies melt before that terrific host like snow-flakes in an April sun. Now they are panic-stricken, broken, divided, — already in full retreat. But, alas! for human hopes and prospects! Now are heard the thunders of Blucher's cannon. He

has just reached the scene of action with thirty thousand fresh troops, and is pouring volley after volley upon the bleeding and exhausted Old Guard, which reels and staggers in the shock. The allied armies, wheeling into line, renew the charge. Now courage is vain, chivalry is an idle word. Mortal men could not long survive in such a maelstrom of death. The Old Guard was borne down and swept from the field, like chaff before a hurricane of flame. The star of Napoleon's destiny then went out behind a sombre cloud, and with it the pride and glory of France. He must be more or less than man, who can read of Waterloo without catching the contagion of battle, and dropping a tear for the untimely fate of Napoleon Bonaparte. Hence we may justly conclude that the very essence of the heroic is to be found in the mind.

Fame is described by Hazlitt as the "sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows — deep, distant, murmuring evermore, like the waters of the mighty ocean." The love of fame is called by phrenologists and metaphysicians, one of the passions of the human mind. If it be such an element of the mind, we are justifiable in regarding it a noble passion. I mean that fame which follows lofty thoughts and noble deeds. If the love of fame may be classed among the passions, it is one of the few that goes out beyond this mortal ken, and peers into the dim and mystic realm of the future. Fame is not the shout of the multitude; it is not the venal puff, the fleeting breath of popular favor. It results from the power of mind over mind; it is the universal homage which is paid to the vigor and beauty and worth of the mind; it is the evangelum of high thoughts; heralded by the voice of the great and

the good,— a fadeless and eternal thing that defies the Lethean wave. And, finally, it is the fruit and sequence of tasteful, judicious, high-wrought, intellectual culture.

Happiness is defined as an agreeable feeling or condition of the soul, arising from good of any kind. But a careful analysis of this feeling or sentiment will convince us that while it has its seat in the mind, it is not indiginious there. It is the product of other principles. He who has cultivated a taste for the beautiful; who hold a correct philosophy of life; who bears within his bosom the very soul of honor; who is conscious of the rectitude of all his purposes; who gives his time and talents to the service of his God; and who has the assurance of the gratitude and respect of all good men, must realize and enjoy whatever of tranquility and peace of mind, has been allowed us in this nether world. And, substantially on this ground, rests what men call happiness. Prudent intellectual culture will best supply the mind with those qualities and characteristics which produce the highest order of human happiness.

It has been said and ingeniously argued, by some skeptical philosophers, that happiness is the object and end of our being. Happiness, in this system of philosophy, means the gratification of the senses. But this false theory is rapidly giving way to the light of Christianity and revealed truth. This doctrine is but an offshoot of infidelity; it is opposed to the Bible; it cultivates the passions and appetites, to the exclusion of the sentiments and moral feelings; and it has never been adopted or practiced by an individual or a people, without producing the most ruinous consequences. Turn over a few pages of French history. Beautiful, floral, sunny France!

Twin sister of Italy ! Meet nurse for fair women
and brave men !—

“ The land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume
Wax faint o’er the gardens of Gul in her bloom !
Where the citron and orange are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute.”

France with her fruity hills and radiant clime; her wealth and beauty, learning and genius, wit and humor, could not be inviting, or happy, or prosperous while bearing in her bosom the poison of infidelity. Toward the close of the last century, France was a nation of infidels. They spurned the Bible, scorned Christianity, and mocked at the Creator. A great scourge came upon them. The revolution broke out with all its demoniac fury. The royal head of Louis fell from the scaffold to the ground. Madam Roland bowed her head upon the block, exclaiming — “ Oh ! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.” The rack, the knout, the guillotine were invented, and long did they ply their horrid work. The streets of Paris, the hills and vales of France ran blood, while the world stood aghast with speechless horror, and turned sick at the murderous scene. Here we have a fearful illustration of that false intellectual culture which rejects the Bible, and ignores the duty of man to his God. If the foregoing propositions and assumptions are correct, it follows that our appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, our usefulness, our fame, and our happiness, depend largely, if not entirely, upon the nature and extent of our education.

A brief allusion, now, to what seems the most essential elements of this culture, will close the

address. To educate the mind is to expand it, strengthen it, and so direct it that it may, through all its course, seek for, discover, appreciate and love the truth. It is to discipline it, to teach it what to do, and what to abstain from; to endow it with prudent control over all of its own operations; and to enable it to collect and concentrate all its energies. It is to teach the senses to observe, the memory to retain, the reason to reflect and judge, and to accept what is true, and reject what is false. It is to pluck out from the heart the weeds of vice, and implant in their stead the flowers of virtue. It is to harmonize all the conflicting elements of thought, and place conscience and moral rectitude on its throne, to direct and govern all its operations.

And, first, let me promise that the great attainments in life of which we have been speaking, do not come to us accidentally. Work is a condition of our existence. There is no excellence without it. — Industry is the only sure pathway to success.

“The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

It has been said that the gods help the man who helps himself. Strip this branch of the subject of all surplus verbiage; lop off all the garniture of words; simmer it down to its primary elements; and it may all be embraced in these words — pluck and plod. These are glorious, hopeful words! Write them on the tablets of the heart; pencil them on the very dome of thought, and they will shine on and scatter the gloom of adversity, and flash out like burning suns in the darkness of defeat. They are like the philosopher's stone, which turns all it touches into gold. They form a bridge over yawn-

ing chasms, a ladder up beetling rocks and frowning mountains. Make them your talisman in the great life-battle, and they will guide you to a final and glorious triumph. Imbued with these sterling traits of character, with this vim and courage to do and to dare, and this patient dogged resolution to plod through all the details of brave work, you may commence or continue your acquisition of knowledge with the high assurance that the cloud before you, however dark, is streaked with a silver lining, and arched with a bow of promise. Energy does a great work. It makes the desert bloom like a garden; it cuts away mountains, it traverses rivers and lakes; it whitens the ocean with commerce; it paves the mighty iron highways from East to West, from North to South; and it drives away the clouds that gather around the friendless, homeless boy, and invites him to a palace.

You will find, also, that habits of close observation and reflection upon all you see and hear and read, will be vastly conducive to your rapid accumulation of valuable and substantial knowledge. Learn to closely observe and diligently study every passing event, every exhibition of human passion, thought, or sentiment, and draw from thence a lesson or a moral. Walk boldly into the great storehouse of nature, and plunder it of its unwasted treasures. Though prophets and sages, wits and scholars, poets and orators, have been twining its wreathes of flowers, and gathering its fruits of gold, for hundred of ages, yet, it is still flowing with nectar, and teeming with ambrosia. The volume of nature is a vast, unlettered, unbound book, always thrown open, and surpassing in its great, grand lessons all the books of men.

No course of intellectual culture is complete,

which fails to carry with it and inculcate that best and highest courage which enables the man to follow his convictions of right and duty in the face of an opposing world. The dwarfish cringing, dastardly, pulsillanimous, time-serving hypocrite, who is ever ready to

.. Bend the supple hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning,"

may strut and fret his vagrant little hour on the stage of popular favor; he may bask for one moment in the sunshine of vulgar laudation, only to be obscured and blotted out forever in the next; but he can no more work himself into the Temple of Fame, than Dives could cross the gulf that separates him from the righteous Abraham. If you would be a man you should expect at every turn that knaves and scavengers will pelt you with mud and dirt; for contumely and slander do love a shining mark. Dr. Young has the idea exactly—

.. With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man who makes a character makes foes;
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies."

When Kepler first announced the laws that govern the planetary worlds, he was ridiculed as a vain and ignorant enthusiast. Columbus said the earth was round, and was hissed and laughed at as a fool. Even Shakespeare, the great pioneer of English taste and learning, was so little appreciated in his day, that scarcely any reliable account of his life was preserved. Armed with conscious truth and rectitude move on, then. Do not stop to kick every cur that snaps at you. Be willing to take upon you a share of the great work of reform which Divinity has appointed unto this generation. Kin-

dle your Drummond-lights upon the distant mountain tops. Go out, far out in front, where no man ever dared to tread, where the lights yet fail to shine, and with the voice of Stentor, and the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, shout to the drowsy world "Come on!" Dare to enter the tournament amid plumed and visored warriors; and fear not to break a lance with mailed giants in the battle. It is better to wear away in the glorious strife than rust away in ignoble ease! You had better go down like a gallant ship on the far-off, tempest-beaten reef, than gradually rot and waste away in port!

"Still something cheers the heart that dares,
In all of human kind."

If you would build high and firm, dig deep in the mines of knowledge for your foundation, and your roof shall reach the very heavens. Have a way of your own; think for yourself; wear you own colors through wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It will cost you ten times the trouble to twist and turn and vascillate to suit other people, that it will to stand your ground like a man. If you have a grand idea, develop it into words and deeds. Be not content with mediocrity. Press forward and upward to the top. There you will have room to swing your arms. There is no danger of being crowded up there. Husband your resources; utilize all your strength. Gather all your inherent, original, native force, and concentrate it in one single focus, until it burns and blazes bright as the flames that lit the storied altar of Vesta. If the world should seem a wintry vale of clouds and gloom, smile till rainbows span it. Infuse into cheerless hearts around you, gleams of

your own trust and courage; and bear always in mind that sorrow's turbid stream, though it should roll around you, is destined, somewhere in the far dim vista, to mingle with hope's bright river.

Appreciating what it takes to constitute an education, endued with a just ambition of excellence, determined to work, willing to wait, and trained to observe and reflect, you are ready to delve into the sciences, and to commence the initial work of that extensive general reading, from which must be drawn so large a portion of your solid attainments. The mathematical sciences will strengthen and unfold the mind, expand its grasp, and train it to that patient attention, that persistent pursuit, and that exhaustive analysis, by which alone truth is discovered, and error exposed. Without the study of language you would be unable to think correctly or profoundly, much less to convey your thoughts to others in a clear, forcible and elegant style. Language has been called the vehicle of thought. But it would perhaps be more accurate to say that thought is language. No one need hope or expect to build up a lofty fabric of thought, whose massive walls and fluted columns and graceful arches and chiseled cornice-work, would astonish and delight the world, without first laying its foundations deep and well in the elements of language.

Much depends upon your choice of books. You will, of course, select them chiefly with a view to the calling, occupation or profession you expect to follow. But, beyond this, you will desire and you will need a fund of general information, and a store of polite culture, which will always serve as valuable subsidiary aids in every walk of life. These are to be gathered from miscellaneous books. The minds, the hearts, and the intellectual develop-

ments of different persons, are so varied, and often so antagonistic, that not even general rules could be laid down upon the selection of books, without being subject to many and serious exceptions. Let it be sufficient here to state that the science of man, as developed by philosophy, history and the fairy frost-work of poetry, will be found most useful and instructive, and best calculated to ripen the judgment and purify the heart. In all you read, let it be your object to prefer the substantial and the useful to the imaginative and the pleasing. Grasp the substance rather than the shadow of things. But beware of current literature! It does seem that we live in an age of corrupted public taste. The great masters of fiction, such as Richardson and Fielding and Defoe and Cervantes and Scott, have apparently been swept from public view by this modern flood of "Yellow-backed literature."

The press of Europe and America is teeming with twenty-five cent novels, in which love degenerates into a beastly passion, treachery meets you at every turn, and murder stalks in gibing spectres before you! This stream of moral and intellectual corruption reaches almost every household and perverts and poisons the youthful mind. It stuffs and bloats the imagination with its morbid images; it depraves the taste, it impairs the judgment; it vitiates the heart; and it unfits the man or woman for the ordinary details and the sober realities of life. When we behold the grievous spectacle of wealth and rank, wit and wisdom, thought and genius, pandering to this impure taste, and even contributing to this poisoned stream, we are made to fear that we, as a people, are drifting, aimless and helmless, to that wild sea of extravagance, dissipation and passion, beneath whose whirling, seething

waves so many men and nations and empires have gone down like shattered ships to rise no more.

Never cultivate the imagination to the exclusion of the judgement. While you take an occasional excursion into the ideal world in search of the picturesque and beautiful, you should never let go the sober moorings of reason and common-sense. Many bright geniuses have made this mistake, many a gallant barque, freighted with high hope and glorious promise, has gone down on this fatal rock. Take Byron for instance,—of whom it has been said that nations heard, entranced, when he touched his harp.

“As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his members flowed;
And ope'd new fountains in the human heart.”

Born to titles and luxurious life, he began in early youth to feed his fancy on ethereal flame. He traveled far, and mused on ancient battle-fields and gray old ruins; paused within the shadow of the Coliseum, and rested on Tiber's classic banks; stood on the Alps, and on the Appenines; talked with the night and storm, and “wove his garland of the lightning's fiery wing.” But with all his rank and opportunities, with all his exuberance of fancy, his reason and his morals had been neglected, and they were overgrown with rank weeds. The fountain of his heart was contaminated, his fancy ran wild, and the stream of his life was bitter. Shelly, with his amazing gifts, pursuing his imagination and neglecting his reason, carried thought to such skyey heights that the mind, in attempting to follow him, grows dizzy and turns away. The inimitable beauties of Moore consist of a wilderness of flowers, a forest of bloom and fragrance, in which can be found but little fruit, and scarce a cultivated field.

But paramount to all is the duty to cultivate your moral sentiments. It may be said that this is the highest duty you owe to yourselves, your country and your God. Without this, cultured genius is often a curse instead of a blessing. You may be a Nestor in worldly lore, a "Titan throned above Titans;" your celestial armory of thought may be decked with gems and glittering with diamonds; your wit may be gleaming as a Persian cimeter, keen and deadly as a Damascus blade; your words may be clouds of fire, your thoughts great pyramids of flame; and yet without moral culture, you cannot be completely useful, completely safe, or completely happy. History teems with illustrations of this truth. Take Voltaire, that brightest jewel in the diadem of French learning. With all his vast erudition, with all his magnificent talents, with all his luxuriant fancy, he was neither a useful nor happy man. All creeds, all thoughts, all that was dear, all that was sacred, the things of time, the things of eternity, he tossed about like withered leaves, then smiled upon the ruin he had wrought. There was the princely Sheridan, the companion of Fox and Pitt and Burke,—he of whom the bard has said, that, as we gaze on all he has left us, we do so

"Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in molding Sheridan."

But he heeded not the voice of inspiration. He haunted the festal board, joined in the Bacchanalian revel, sought to drown his cares in the wine-cup, and like a giddy, wayward child, rushed on down the flowery thoroughfare to ruin. As we turn sorrowfully to his life's gloomy evening, we see him the pale, haggard wreck of genius, and find that the luminary of his reason has gone out forever.

But we have an example nearer home, in the gifted son of a sister state. Nature seemed to have lavished on him her choicest blessings. He was tall, commanding and "graceful as the willow on the banks of the Shannon." He stood in the common ranks of men, like Jura amid the lesser Alps. His form and features were cast in beauty's classic mold. His voice was melody itself,—now low and soft, and sweet as the distant lute at eventide,—now deep and harsh as the far-off thunder-tones; and then in the onslaught of debate, when he challenged the foe to battle, it was sonorous, loud and ringing as the victor-shout of the olden Roman gladiator. He was a paragon among orators; and his polemic engagements will long be remembered by those who heard him, as the most magnificently eloquent ever delivered on the American hustings. He could take a brilliant poem and invest it with a beauty of which the author never dreamed. He was the model of honor, the soul of chivalry, as polished and courteous as Stanhope, and as brave as Julius Cæsar. But he was human, he was tempted, he could not resist the siren voice of the enchantress, and he is fallen! The last wail of his broken harp comes to us from a maniac's cell, and tells us of the great mind in ruins:

"I'm adrift on life's ocean, and wildly I sweep,
Aimless and helmless, its fathomless deep:
The wild winds assail me, it threat'ningly storms,
The clouds roll around me in hideous forms;
I drift to a lee-shore! I strike! am aground!
The mad waters 'whelm me! I drown! oh, I drown!
I wander life's desert, lone, desolate, sad,
Faint, reeling and weary, I'm mad! oh, I'm mad!"

Cultivate your moral faculties and they will shield you and save you from temptation; they will be a light to guide you amid the snares of the world,

and lead you in all the ways of usefulness; and then when the final summons comes, you can go to walk where the bright waters shimmer in the Paradise of God —where the stars glitter and the angels sing.

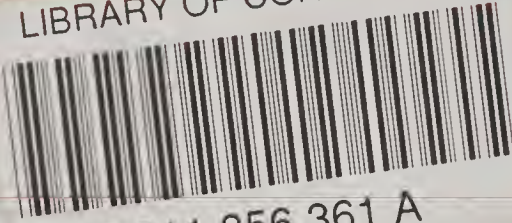
While I might seem to address myself to men, I would not be understood as unmindful of women. The touching words of tribute paid to woman's worth and influence, by my eloquent young friend, Mr. Muncie, last night, are still ringing in my ears and sounding down the corridors of my heart, like the receding echoes of some delightful melody. Woman is the peer of man in all that is chivalrous and heroic, and his superior in all that is virtuous and graceful and lovely. She has walked like a queen through all the aisles and avenues of learning. She has touched the golden harp of song, and the breeze has wafted its glorious melody round and round the world. She has gone down into the limpid ocean of pure literature, nestled like a Neriad among the coral reefs of beauty, then coming forth she has dashed from her glittering ringlets the golden drops of thought. She has set before the world goblets brimming with waters from the fabled font of Helicon, and woven Parnassian flowers into chaplets of surpassing beauty. Wherever she has been freed from the rude manacles of a barbarous conventionalism, she has bounded like a modern Atalanta into the agonistic arena, and snatched the well-earned baldric from her wondering and doubting brother. Joan of Arc performed deeds of heroic daring beside which the feats of Darius or Alexander or Wellington grow dim and lustreless. Samson, the Ajax of Israel, was invincible to all the Philistine armies, but he was at last overpowered by the subtle stratagy of a weak, fragile girl, and was shorn of his strength by the jeweled hand of

the Sorek maiden. Anthony madly threw a world away to bask in the smiles of Cleopatra, that glorious "sorceress of the Nile." The fairy hand of Clio has emblazoned her splendid names on history's fairest pages. There are Felicia Hemans and Emma Southworth and Hannah Moore and Catharine Sedgwick and Mary Howitt and George Eliot and Miss Mulock and Madame de Stael—a galaxy of immortal names. I hold that woman is not only capable of receiving, but is entitled to receive the highest degree of intellectual culture.

To your excellent commissioner, Mr. Eubank, whose learning and labors reflect such credit upon our county and its common schools, to the educated teachers assembled here, and to each one of this vast audience, I must return my sincere thanks.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 856 361 A